

How to survive middle age

OCTOBER 1973

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

50¢

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MacLean's

OCTOBER 1973

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INSIDE MACLEAN'S



Ralph Allen was the editor of this magazine from 1959 to 1960. For those of us who were lucky enough to know him in that capacity — or as a sports columnist for the *Winnipeg Tribune*, war correspondent for the *Globe and Mail*, managing editor of the *Toronto Star*, radio producer, best-selling novelist, raconteur, friend and mentor — it's still hard to accept the fact of his death, even though it's

been almost seven years since he succumbed to cancer at the age of 53. He's been called the greatest journalist of his generation; he was indisputably the best editor this magazine ever had. But what made him rare and important to so many people was a quality of personal goodness that's very rarely possible to describe. Ralph Allen was the kind of man who was able through the things he said and the way he acted to illuminate other men's lives and authenticate other men's experiences.

When he died, the *Globe* editorialized that Ralph's memory would live on as long as anybody who'd worked with him "left hunched over a typewriter." Early this summer, six weeks past its 100th birthday, the *Globe*, Saskatchewan, which should guarantee his memory a far longer life than that. The Ralph Allen McLeod Museum was opened in the CPR station where Ralph's father was the railway's agent and the Allen fam-

ily lived from 1923 to 1930. The idea for the museum originated with Pat Armstrong, editor of the *Oxbow Herald*, who headed up the committee that bought the old station when the railway abandoned it in the summer of 1972, mounted a campaign for funds, obtained small grants from the provincial and federal governments, collected Allen memorabilia, refurbished the station inside with local artifacts and outside with a fresh coat of CPR red paint and revived invited relatives, friends and dignitaries to celebrate its opening on June 23.

It was a wonderful day of short speeches, witty reminiscences (including a finely reduced talk about the West by Ralph's boyhood principal, C. F. Fyfe), much laughter and no cat, pretentious, moultin sentimentalism or tears — a day Ralph Allen would have liked and for which his friends in the office and across the country are justifiably grateful to Pat Armstrong and the town of Oxbow. ■

Cover photographs: left: Don Jordan; Bill Ayres; center (Diana Kaye) and right (Lise Thompson); John Proulx; Belvedere; Enid Tuzend. MACLEAN'S is published monthly except December, and January. Send subscription orders to: MacLean's, 100 University Avenue, Toronto, Canada M5S 1A7. To receive MACLEAN'S regularly, send subscription blank on page 12.

A strong land, born of rejection

In the remarkable article that leads off this issue, Hugh MacLennan takes as his theme the fact that the main groups which came together to create Canada — the Scots, the French, the Loyalists, the Irish — were the children of four separate debates and abdications. He speculates that the memory traces of former commitments given and rejected kept these original Canadians — and their succeeding generations — from admitting total loyalty to the adopted country where they lived. "We hold in our collective consciousness a memory of Scotland's loss to England," MacLennan believes. "It accounts for our profound distrust of any expression of self-confidence, rational nationalism." But as MacLennan quickly concedes, Scotland failed not only because her leaders were incompetent and intensely rash and boastful, but because the Scots "never discovered a single constructive idea that might have made her national survival of value to mankind."

Though few Canadians yet dare believe it, we are, as a country, in a very different position. During this past most beautiful of summers, on holidays and weekends, I drove with my family across Manitoba and down through the small settlements of southern Saskatchewan, and sailed into various rusty lake ports of eastern Ontario. It was a journey I'll always remember as the time when I stopped worrying about the Canadian identity and began to enjoy it. We could smell the morning dew, see real clouds form, watch the cows watching us, hear the honest voices of real Canadians in general stores, at bingo games, fishing off docks, quietly living out their good lives away from urban tensions. I left the country instead of thinking about it. This was not Canada with a big "C," held together by rhetoric and tariffs but the country as it really is. We saw and for magic moments became part of a way of life that produces real laughter, real tears, real anger and very real kindness.

The Canada we experienced seemed like a political expression of that law of nature about there being strength in diversity. The idea that everyone need not be the same; that being a Canadian is a human instead of a cultural experience. Traveling this country without the pressure of appointments and deadlines made me realize the significance of the fact that the struggle that formed Canada's national character was not a contest against other people, but against a vast, awe geography and as harsh a climate as has ever been tamed. That's why our patriotism is so mixed; we have few of the monuments and battle cries that have been the legions of other countries' journeys to independence.

No one out there is debating the success of his existence as a Canadian; the great nationalists who make up this country's silent majority take it for granted that being a Canadian is quite different from being a Turk, a Swede — or, for that matter, an American. The secret they've discovered is that Canada, unlike most other countries, allows them to have a fairly amicable existence with a fair degree of anonymity. The trick is to be aware of what's going on in the value-forming centres of the big cities (whether you live in one or not) but not to allow yourself to be overtly influenced by such trends so that you still believe the way you want to. I agree with Hugh MacLennan's thesis that abandonment has been the dominant inner theme of Canadian life. But out of those rejections (both of old motherlands and the superficial glittering of American union) has come strength and purpose. Though they could not know it, the cynics of the Liberal Party were onto something when they coined that crasy slogan about the land being strong. We live in an empty place filled with wonder.

Peter C. Newman

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Which color TV needs fewest repairs?

TV service technicians say Zenith.

Here are the questions and answers from a nationwide survey of independent TV service technicians.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	33%
Brand A	2%
Brand B	2%
Brand C	4%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	4%
Brand F	4%
Brand G	4%
Brand H	4%
Brand I	4%
Other brands	4%
More than one/all same	12%
Don't know	12%

QUESTION: "In general, which of the brands you are familiar with is the highest quality color TV set?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	33%
Brand A	10%
Brand B	2%
Brand C	4%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	4%
Brand F	4%
Brand G	4%
Brand H	4%
Brand I	4%
Other brands	4%
More than one/all same	12%
Don't know	12%

QUESTION: "If you were buying a new color TV set for yourself today, which brand would you buy?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	33%
Brand A	12%
Brand B	4%
Brand C	4%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	4%
Brand F	4%
Brand G	4%
Brand H	4%
Brand I	4%
Other brands	4%
Don't know	12%

How the survey was made.

One of the largest research firms in Canada conducted this study of independent service technicians' attitudes toward brands of color televisions. Telephone interviews were conducted with TV service technicians themselves during January 1973, in major cities from coast to coast. To eliminate the factor of loyalty to a single brand, the study included only shops which serviced more than one brand of TV. Survey details are available on request. Write to Zenith Radio Corporation of Canada Ltd., 425 Horner Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6W 2A8.



Simulated TV picture

Universities rediscover the old values

We are all affected in one way or another by what goes on at universities across Canada, but those most specifically affected are the young. And among them there is some headbashing, thinking, questioning, and, unfortunately, avoiding them. Those who are in fact attending — as well as their paying parents — find an uneasy time very often can't comprehend. Gruffly above campus affairs, heads nodding the pranks of the ubiquitous male house calls, rage at what a mind-screw university really is. These days are reflections of the present great confusion the whole university community is suffering, but there is a solution upon us, and there is hope.

What's happening is hard to express neatly in one clear proposition. It is an uneasy culture — and especially inside the university, which is one of its most complex centres of influence — for explanations serve only to needed to find that the original human so is not being applied but taking wooden models in their, unadorned Ontario Park, the great Mexican post and essays, his said that it is more on "the web" that a book can teach you to complete better. It is an example of North American idealism and optimism — it's blind faith in education." But I might prefer up something obvious about us that produces a shoulder of responsibility even as we go out to buy the How-to book, the How-to course at the How-to degree that will change our lives. On campus, the meaningful upset that's occurring now stems from our



For students, the web is an old one.

long faith in the doctrine of How-to. It's a different kind of disturbance than covered during the dramatic upheavals in the 1960s, which for all their sound and fury changed very little that wasn't ready to be changed. The unrest today is quieter, deeper and the result of a visceral understanding that a familiar way of doing things is dying and something else has not conceived which is going to be here whether we like it or not.

In fact, the university is living through a very peculiar moment in its history. Like the rest of us, it has for the past while enjoyed an uneasy calm, if it hasn't been wildly excited. It has been at least deliciously momentary. Now it has walked suddenly to find itself in the vanguard of the New Reality. Its resources — students — are drying up, and with them a great deal of its money as well as its old anding interest for nearly everything. A chorus of governments cry Cut back, Cut back. There are generalized threats and outbreaks of anger as the cold winds of mortality blow down the seats of chairs and administrators. "I've got 3% more enrol (students) this year than you have, so I'll have 3% of your funds, and don't talk to me about output and the quality of life in Canada. This is serious."

The public couldn't care less (being largely uninterested), except that the university should be ready at the proper moment to confer a useful degree such as marine biology on their personal Sissies or Johns.

Yet, despite these flashes of the storm of the status quo, there is a fundamental change in direction painfully and cautiously coming about. It may be happening for two basic reasons. The first is that How-to hasn't saved us. The second is that our century of devices to How-to has provided us with enough slave technology to allow us to stop wasting energy simply ordering fruits and to start trying to order the mind so that we may by our own will endure rather than perish. A human but necessary thought, this. For how long have we been reminded — and refused to listen — that the great questions are all, in the end, religious ones? They should be contemplated seriously during the day by all of us, just as everyone must dream at night or go mad. For a century and more our devoted specialists have contemplated these larger questions less and less. They have concerned themselves with great forces instead: nature, accident,

warfare. They have assumed that if they could dominate nature, prove, as for instance Marx and Freud thought, that there really are no accidents, and at the same time achieve those two goals through technological science, then they would have progressed a long way toward perfection. What has resulted, as we can see, is a prodigious in the material science. But we have also managed, in our passion for analysis, to split everything off from everything else. Decades of fear and finer splitting-off have produced an abstract, narrow, uncoordinated society.

The changes manifest in our campus — perhaps another Canadian quiet revolution — are signs of a world slowly turning over. The process has been going on for some time and is further advanced than many think. We can be sure now, at any rate, that it can't go on to stop. The necessity is apparent that one must deal with human viewpoint rather than simple method; there is already some agreement that universities stop being super tech schools serving bigger business and more utopian government in favor of becoming part of the larger community, there is pressure now to serve the student rather than simply a discipline or a professor's personal area of research, the urge is there to break free of the old compulsive academic list making and hysterical searching and reworking of parts; and if we need further motivation to draw together rather than split off there is looming along the very real threat of Apocalypse. The university has served power, process and progress in the past, and to now it should not seem unnatural — indeed, it should seem exciting — if it moves in a clear and necessary direction to try to serve all facets of our survival.

PARADE

For all its hubbub, the Nova Scotia Election Act has done little to chip away any of the tarball built up by past abuses. When it first went into effect in 1970, it was said the days had passed when a vote was roughly worth a cheap bottle of rum. But critics are still looking out from the last by-election, held June 5 in Guysborough County, concerning a somewhat higher quality of rum and the odd vote going for as much as \$25. The best, however, had to be the sign put out in red neon pink across the town of Canada's post office. "Keep percentage alive," it read. "Vote Liberal." And they did.

Peter and Paul and Bloody Mary.

As far as the Russians are concerned, tomato juice is for breakfast, not for vodka. Vodka, they told us, was meant to be taken straight. Sometimes with a plate of tangerines, or some hot tea as a chaser. But never with tomato juice.

That was before we took Alberta Vodka to Leningrad and poured a few Bloody Marys. Then our Russian friends had to admit we were onto a great idea. But they tried in a number of ways. Mixed and straight. And Alberta Vodka met with a certain approval in a country famous for its own.

Canadians approve of Alberta Vodka's quality, too. That's why it's now Canada's best-seller at the popular price.

Alberta Pure Vodka

It takes more than a Russian sounding name to make a great Vodka.



As the last growth in the Peter and Paul process, the first building in Leningrad that City Peter the Great created in 1703. Vodka in Peter and Paul Cathedral, the first place of the Court.

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By the end of 1974, the tallest self-supporting structure in the world will dominate the Toronto skyline.

But CN Tower, 1800 feet tall, and focal point of Toronto's new Metro Centre, will be a lot more than just a world landmark. We're building this tower because we are in the communications business. It will handle television antennae for CBC, CTV, ETV and cable TV. Plus FM radio channels, mobile radio systems, and CN Telecommunications microwave facilities.

We could have stopped right there. But the Sky Pod, with its sightseeing, observation, broadcasting, dining and lounge facilities makes good sense. It will produce very attractive revenues while adding only marginally to the cost of the communications tower.

CN Tower is the most recent project in our broad plan to realize the full potential of our real estate holdings. CN controls a lot of important real estate, not just in big cities but in small communities, too. Our responsibility is not just to conserve these assets, but to develop and enhance them.

That's why we're building this functional, job-creating, revenue-producing Tower. And that's why it's going to work for a living.

CN We want you to know more about us.

Housed in the upper section will be antennae for CBC, CTV, ETV and FM Radio, as well as an upper observation floor.

At the 1100-foot level of this spectacular structure will be a circular 7-story sky pod. Contained in the pod will be broadcasting facilities for TV, FM radio and cable TV, a 360-seat revolving dining lounge, and indoor and outdoor observation decks.

Visitors will ascend CN Tower by a dramatic one-minute ascent via elevators in glass-faced shafts on two of the tower's three sides.



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THE NATION/WALTER STEWART

Picks and axes build a melting pot in Kenora

In the bush on a sloping hillside at Kenora, Ontario, a modest crew was hard at work with axes, picks, shovels, rakes and shovels. There were men and women, boys and girls, Indians, half-breeds, blacks and whites, their names from Ontario, Quebec and Saskatchewan, from Prince, Jamaica, Rhodesia, Upper Volta and Holland, and their leader, Jim Clapton, was a black Rhodesian who lives in England and travels on a Zambian passport. He looks a little like Sidney Poitier, and could be playing the leading role in a drama called *Guns, Whips, Comings To Live?*

The crew was clearing sites for 32 houses for the Mihs and non-status Indians of the Mihs, many of whom are currently living in taxpayer-owned and crumbling houses scattered in and around the town. Kenora, which has one of the poorest natural sites in Canada, on the edge of Lake of the Woods, has, over the decades, thrown up one of the richest conglomerates in the nation, teeming with violence and poverty, racism, tension, drunkenness, dirt and despair. This housing project was a modest attempt to avert the rot.

It was a complex effort. The idea and much of the organization came from Bob Lee, President of the Kenora Mihs and Non-Status Indian Association, a long, lean, blond and sometimes brittle native of Dauphin, Manitoba. Lee, a white man, married an Indian woman and one head-on into the wall of prejudice that is as much a part of Kenora's society as the grizzling lakes and towering pines. He married a black man, and when he moved in with his wife, was asked to move right out again. His landlady later alerted and allowed Lee and his wife to stay. But Lee had learned that, while the lot of the Indian is lamentable, it isn't those on reservation who need housing, while those with the opportunity to move into the white world face the same racial barriers in the treaty lands but lack even their modest government support. Lee, with Ontario government grants as a community worker, became deeply involved in Mihs affairs, particularly in the battle for housing. Last summer, on a proj-

ect at nearby Moosh, he ran across a meeting of Operation Beaver, a curious organization made up of equal parts of zeal, tolerance, impatience, idealism and sweat.

Operation Beaver was the brainchild of Charles Catto, a United Church minister from Toronto who, while working as a missionary in Zambia in the late 1950s, made a simple yet profound discovery. If you take a group of people of mixed races — any people, any race — and put hammer and shovels and axes and saws in their hands, and give them something to build, why, the barriers of race, language, religion and culture cannot withstand the onslaught.

Catto turned this naive theory into a career when he returned to Canada and, in 1964, founded Operation Beaver as a corps of international volunteers with headquarters in Toronto. The original handful of volunteers were those whom he had worked with in Africa or at missions in northern Canada; the 100-odd who now find an every year are mostly friends, or friends of friends, of the original. The group is headed by government agent, Miss For McIlwain, and private donors. The workers are never paid — although transportation in Canada and lodgings are furnished. In the past decade Operation Beaver has undertaken 56 projects in Canada and the West Indies; it has helped to put up houses, churches, schools, youth camps, training centres, day-care centres, handicraft shops and, on one occasion, a library.

The descent of the volunteers on a community can be dramatic. John Fitzgerald, an Inverness, P.E.I., cyclist who asked for help with a housing project there, later remembered: "The day I met the pilot at Charlottetown and I got the first look at the Beavers. 'What is this? What is this? What is this? What is this?' I was just like a lot of other ignorant people when I saw the first day and the long hair."

It took me about two days to crawl out from under my shell and do you know the first thing I said to myself? 'John, you stupid bastard. These are the kind of people that we've been back in Christ's days when they helped a poor man out. They don't stick out their hand all the time for money. They are here to help you, you stupid thing.' From then on, man, we were friends."

The Beavers were not such a shock to Kenora, where dark skin and long hair are common, but the project did make opposition, most of it from a lawyer who owned property near the project site and was worried about the value of his land going down



when the Indians moved in. Fortunately, the town ignored him, and even helped provide the cutting land, at \$500 a lot, while Central Mortgage and Housing advanced a 30-year, \$545,000 mortgage, and a handful of local industrial companies, for instance, loaned a bulldozer at no cost.

Of course, one 32-house project will not solve Kenora's Indian housing needs, and a few months of racial integration in one corner of the community will not do much to lower tensions in the area. The solution may be made of Operation Beaver that, except for providing everyone a decent example, no works are nothing more than Band-Aid operations.

That may be true, but at least it beats standing around watching the patient bleed to death.

PARADE

The Billy Ann band. It's become one of the great New World images, with the three streetwalkers, "Abbie Wah Ma," heavily laden and the carry of two drums. It may be a misleading image, but it's a good one. The band, calling themselves the "Salvation Army Band" went uptown and began "working" Chicago-style at benches along the street next. Guitars and amplifiers, it was found, brought out more Indians than had ever gathered on a windy corner.

In Canada, a band known as "The Way" has been doing Salvation Army work out of Halifax for the past six years. And this year they started preaching hard rock to the rest of the nation, with considerable success. But the band was in Canada, unlike their counterparts in the U.S., at least reduced to give up the uniforms.

By gosh, the price is right out of sight

A lady marches into a butcher store. "How much are the pork chops?" she asks. "31.45," the butcher replies.

"The round steak?" "31.35."

"Hambergers?" "51.35."

"Well, to hell with it," says the lady. "We won't eat."

That's one way to meet the current food-cost prices. But, for most of us, an entirely satisfactory "What we need are answers, answers, in particular to two crucial questions — who pushed the prices so high, and how can they be brought down? The trouble is that there are no ready answers. And so, on these two pages, we have had to content ourselves with providing a citizen's guide to the crisis, a roundup of expert views and some evidence that, believe it or not, things aren't as bad as they seem.

Filing all this, these pages may be shredded and eaten, while they are voraciously empty, their food-for-thought content is high. *Ben Appleby*

HOW TO COOK AND EAT A CROW

"Inflation no longer exists" — Prime Minister Trudeau, December 22, 1970



Baked crow has been a favorite with politicians for centuries, and is served by galloping by a serving of humble pie.

INGREDIENTS:

2 slices bacon, minced
6-8 carrots, according to size
10 potatoes, sliced
3 pounds cauliflower, minced
1/4 pound mushrooms, minced
salt and pepper to taste

1/4 teaspoon dried thyme
1/4 teaspoon dried basil
2 teaspoons minced poultry seasoning
1/4 cup dry white wine
1/4 cup beef broth
Juice of 1/2 lemon

Fry bacon until crisp, remove and reserve. Brown birds in butter fat, brown down. Turn, add 2 tablespoons butter, cauliflower, mushrooms. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, cook 5 minutes. Add herbs, wine, broth and summer 5 minutes. Cover and bake in 350 deg oven 40 minutes. Add bacon and lemon juice to sauce and pour over birds. *Series 4*

• **Dominion Stores Ltd.** announced that its net income rose up 92% for the 13 weeks ended June 16, 1973, over the corresponding 13-week period of 1972. Sales by the supermarket chain went up 13 per cent.

• **Dominion Stores Ltd.** reported a jump of 76% in net income on a sales rise of 8% for the three-month period ending March 31, 1973, over the corresponding period a year ago.

THE MEAT WE EAT: A WORLD COMPARISON



Figures on per capita annual meat consumption are taken from the 1973 World Almanac

• **Loblaws Companies Ltd.** of Toronto announced in August its net income for the 12 weeks ended June 23, 1973, compared to a net of \$333,000 for a 12-week period ending at a corresponding time in 1972.

• **Burns Food Ltd.** reported an increase of 21% in net income for the six-month period ending June 30, 1973.

PAWM THE EXPENSE!

On Monday, September 1, 1976, George A. Eshelbach, called on St. George North for supper. Myriad laid in "a cutlet and two breads of oysters, 430 pounds of butter and 3,522 eggs" among other things. The menu included: Shredded Steaks, Minced With Sweet Herbs, Pease Pellets, Roasted Cypriots, Quails and Skops, Oysters, Bacon and Pullets, Minced with Cucumber, Nuts, Tongue Roasted with Riverine Wine, Veal Pate, Roasted Beef with Sture Robert, French Puffs with Green Herbs, Salad, Prime Pig, Apple Cream, Mince in Syrup, Chicken Casserole, Spiced Mashed Cider and Meat Three Ways, etc. The bill was \$100.00. *Source: Historic Cookbook*

• **Woolfords Foods Ltd.** announced net income 32% for the 24-week period ended June 16 on a 4% increase in sales over the corresponding period in 1972.

BOY TEE! GO BANANAS



The simple answer, though often enough, there have to be some foods whose price has not gone up, or whose price has gone up at a slower rate than the general trend of foods, right? So all we had to do was find out what they were.

The first supermarket executive we called said he didn't think there was anything that hadn't gone out of sight the second time and that there were 1,500 commodities to keep track of, for God's sake, and who did we think he was, the third said that he had a handy little idea there, and he would get right on it and call us back, but he didn't. So we went to the federal Department of Agriculture, where a spokesman told us that by George, that was a handy idea, but they didn't keep track of prices, that was up to Statistics Canada, and he gave us a whole lot of people over there to contact. The first said it was out of his field, the second said he didn't know about prices but he had some handy figures about the movement of durum wheat which he could let us have for free, the third said we must have the wrong number, and referred us back to the first gentleman, whose office reported he was going on holidays.

Well, desperation thrives on difficulties so we went round the corner to Eshelbach's Food Price and Inflation, and asked Mr. Zanchero if anything has stayed stable in price over the past, say, 30 years. "Bananas," he said. We asked if he was sure that was it. "Just bananas," he said. We asked how long he had been selling fruit and vegetables on that corner. "Since 1918," he said.

Well, bananas thrives on difficulties so we went round the corner to Eshelbach's Food Price and Inflation, and asked Mr. Zanchero if anything has stayed stable in price over the past, say, 30 years. "Bananas," he said. We asked if he was sure that was it. "Just bananas," he said. We asked how long he had been selling fruit and vegetables on that corner. "Since 1918," he said.

• **Woolfords Foods Ltd.** announced net income 32% for the 24-week period ended June 16 on a 4% increase in sales over the corresponding period in 1972.

QUOTE OF THE DECADE

"Politically, people may storm, but technologically they don't have to" — Ford Jensen, head of the Kennerly, Ontario, Agricultural College, February, 1968.

SEVEN WAYS TO PASS THE BUCK

"It is in the belief of the government that we should in no way interfere with the incentive that the producer of food has to produce more food when the demand increases" — Prime Minister Trudeau

"This government has asked me to solve all the agricultural problems in Canada. That would be all right if I just had the authority. . . I've got the responsibility, but I don't have the real power." — Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan

"Everyone should be aware that it is not possible for five people to lower food prices . . . I don't think people understand we can't always do much" — Mrs. Beryl Phoenix, Chairman, Federal Food Prices Review Board.

"The primary cause of the dramatic rise in food prices during the past year in Canada appears to be a world shortage of many basic food commodities" — Report of the Special Committee on Trends in Food Prices.

"If there is a water in the food system and it can be identified, then it should be removed and we are in favour of that. However, so far as we are concerned, we have had a great deal of difficulty in identifying the writer that may be in the way of food prices." — Mr. G. Moore, President, Canadian Federation of Agriculture.

"Our examination of the total question leads us to conclude that the rising prices of food, particularly at the retail food-chain level, is symptomatic of the nature of economic policy governing this country, and until the country establishes an economic policy which will provide a balance between the utilization of resources and the inequitable distribution of income . . . this situation will continue" — Roy Atkinson, President, National Farmers Union.

"We, at A.D.P., reduced our margin of profit over the last two years and have taken steps to compensate our retailing partners with a view to reducing costs. There are no other avenues open to us as a retailer to lower our selling prices" — A.D.P. submission to the Special Committee on Food Prices.

BRAIN-TEASER: WHO GOT THE LOOT?

The food business is full of middlemen — butchers, wholesalers, packers, distributors, agents and transportation companies — whose services are required, we are told, for the most efficient movement of goods off the farms and onto the tables and into the supermarkets of Canadians. The funny thing is that by the time all these middlemen are finished with the product, the cost of the food we eat and the price the farmer gets after he's left relationship to each other. You get the general idea from the table below.

Farmer's Prices and Supermarket Prices on August 13, 1973.

British Cheek	Farmer's Price	Supermarket Price
chicken	\$16.00 per lb.	\$18.00 (per lb.)
latter	\$16.00 per lb.	\$18.00 (per lb.)
eggs (large)	\$16.00 per doz.	\$18.00 per doz.
milk	\$16.00 per quart	\$18.00 per quart
corn	\$16.00 per bush	\$18.00 per bush
oats	\$16.00 per bush	\$18.00 per bush

COLD COMFORT DEPT.

It may be hard to believe, but the cost of many other commodities has gone up more than food since 1948, as the table below shows.



LIGHTENING THE LOAD

New, just as everyone ready to give up hope of ever seeing food prices go down again, a small chain of supermarkets in Quebec is saying that it can cut prices and show it is a lot of valuable consumer services besides cheap Supermarkets, operated by the Quebec Federation of Co-ops Stores, now now certain in Montreal and its affiliates in other cities. Studies of their prices show that they consistently save members (one dollar for a lifetime family membership) about 4% on their weekly grocery bill, compared to the big chains. They do it by cutting out all the fringe stores are more but functional, there are no weekend specials, no lost hours, no carryover sales. They stock out of 150-200 different brands and packages, with prices as low as 10-15-20 cent packages, with prices as low as 10-15-20 cent packages, with prices as low as 10-15-20 cent packages.

OUR ORBITING ADMAN

You would think that the image of a man in a white shirt, lecturing down a grocery-store aisle to extol the virtues of Loblaws' when "More than the price is right, but by gosh, the price is right," would be enough to give a conspiracy-minded fellow. But not Loblaws' executive Mrs. George said that his company is not "unhappy, unburdened or in any way put off" by the fact that its own products in its own stores are not as cheap as those in other stores. She said that his company is not "unhappy, unburdened or in any way put off" by the fact that its own products in its own stores are not as cheap as those in other stores. She said that his company is not "unhappy, unburdened or in any way put off" by the fact that its own products in its own stores are not as cheap as those in other stores.



• **George Weston Ltd.** reported its net income for the six months ended June 30, 1973, increased 63% over the corresponding period a year ago.

• **The net income of Canadian Stores Ltd.** for the 13-week period ended June 30 was up 38% over the corresponding 13-week period in 1972.

• **Stittberg's Ltd.** announced their net income for the 24 weeks ended April 7, increased 18% over the corresponding 24-week period a year earlier.

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Rhonda, 1958.
Mrs. Malomet got her
Maytag Washer just before
she was born.

Rhonda & Maytag, 1973. Both 15, both going strong.

Her Maytag started out washing Rhonda's diapers, writes Mrs. Diana Malomet, Ottawa, Ontario.

Fifteen years later, that same Maytag Washer is doing Rhonda's dresses, blouses, slips, sweaters, and everything else for a family of five.

When the children were youngest, her Maytag used to do 12 loads a week, according to Mrs. Malomet, and it's still working at least 8. Yet it has needed only a few repairs.

Mrs. Malomet also has a Maytag Dryer, and its performance has proved to be dependable. "Maytag has served us well and we do not hesitate to recommend them to our friends," she says.

Naturally, we don't say all Maytags will equal the record Mrs. Malomet reports. But dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer and Dryer.



ETW 15 20248 14-Mr Malomet Mrs Malomet Rhonda 15

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Nowhere else is Oldsmobile's standard of engineering so evident. See what you get! Power front disc brakes.

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Rugged torque-beam frame.

And a Rocket 350 V8 that really moves it along.

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For people with a taste for something better.



Warning: The Department of National Health and Welfare advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked.



Joseph Kato
Allstate Policyholder
Windsor, Ontario



Ken Stewart
Allstate Claim Adjuster
Windsor, Ontario

"I'm five hundred miles from home on a fishing trip. It's snowing, the road's under construction and icy. Suddenly, my rear wheels are sliding off the road. Bang! We're in big trouble. Soon as I could after the accident, I phoned Allstate in Windsor."

"That phone call to Allstate was like someone had lifted a big stone off my shoulders. I told the local garage to fix my truck enough for me to get back home."

"Now it's like brand new again. Just one phone call... that's all it took to get action."

"First, we made sure there were no serious injuries. Then we simply asked Mr. Kato to arrange for local repairs and told him that we'd take care of the costs."

"The Allstate way means that whoever takes a claim call can authorize immediate service."

"We treat every claim as urgent and every claimant as an individual. You're a person, not a number at Allstate."

Allstate
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Skill has 8,050 faces at CSL

You'd never know it by our name, but Canada Steamship Lines is a highly diversified company.

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But it still includes a large number of traditional crafts; such as shipwrights, wheelmen and, of course, sailors.

Providing job opportunities for such a variety of skills is something that is very satisfying to us. And, we feel, very important to the Canadian economy.

Shipping is still our best-known activity. Our fleet of diesel freighters carry iron ore and coal, wheat and other freight up and down the Canada-U.S. waterway and to the Arctic.

Our three shipyards — Davieship, Canship and Portship — build and repair vessels of all sizes for our own use and for other companies. Recently we completed, for the Royal Canadian Navy, two of a new class of automated destroyer, described by authorities as "the most technologically advanced warships in the world".

We're big in road transport, too. With names like Kingsway Transport, Morgan Storage and Moving and, of course, the Voyageur Line. The green, blue and white stripes of our Voyageur buses are a familiar sight along more than 5,000 miles of route system.

Our Brocklesby-Sicotte division specializes in moving heavy equipment. While our Port Colborne quarry supplies crushed stone for highway and general construction.

Canada Steamship Lines was launched 60 years ago. Since then, almost everything about us has changed.

Except our name.

**Canada
Steamship
Lines,
Limited**



Head Office, 759 Victoria Square, Montreal.



YOUR VIEW

A way to finish first

A comment on your editorial *Harvest* brothers across *Arctic* last (August), with which I wholely agree. Sharing with our current Prime Minister and working down to so common folk, Canadians have yet to recognize an obvious fact—that the Americans are the most automatic people in the Western world.

It must be very difficult for our diplomats and other civil servants who must deal with the United States to take a nationalistic position when we have a Prime Minister who pooh-poohs any show of patriotism and nationalism, although as a Quebecer he is a nationalistic to his bone "state."

I hope that some day soon we may have a leader who believes that Canada is the finest country in the world and is prepared to say "this is who we are and this is where we're going."

RICHARD BONNER, QC, TORONTO

and knowledge that the Argus was over the crash scene at the same time as the first Hercules. In fact, we are convinced it was the noise of the Argus clearing for a navigational check that alerted Hartwell. Our research was an excuse to do targeted search and had just added power for the climb. Seconds later, the crew heard the distinctive wail of the Dart 2 ELT. They turned and descended, homing in on it, and in a matter of seconds arrived over the crash scene just as the Hercules overflew it. One of our members wrote to Hartwell to enquire if he thought it was our aircraft that he heard, and Miss Halsey replied: "Martin says that he was only half awake when he first heard a siren, and it occurred to him like first growing. When he went outside, the engine noise he heard he thinks could not have been a turbo-prop noise, as it is very likely that it was the Argus."

We are not making credit or publicity. All that really matters is that he was finally found. I am writing merely to set the record straight as to the suitability of the Argus, and to give you some details about the Hartwell rescue of which you may not previously have been aware.

LESLIE COLEMAN, JR., J. J. GOWETT,
COMMUNICATIONS OFFICERS,
VF 415 SQUADRON, CFB SHARNBOROUGH,
SLEMON PARK, PEI

Kudos for Phillips

I would like to congratulate you on your factual and well-written July article, *The ordeal of Martin Hartwell*, by Alan Phillips. It is heartening to see our national magazine take the trouble to try and get all the details correct in a story in which the military played such a major role.

There are, however, two points I would like to clarify. Alan Phillips states that the Argus is "an impractical plane in sub-zero weather because its engines freeze overnight." The press refuses to require of editors for cold weather start-ups, but the Argus is capable of starting and operating in any conditions that a turbo-prop or jet aircraft can endure.

Also, it does not appear to be pre-

The ordeal of Martin Hartwell by Alan Phillips (July) has been one of the most satisfying and encouraging pieces of literature I have read in quite a long time. It is such a pleasure to read such profile, yet effective, reporting on such a delicate subject, and a great comfort to know that Canada's National Magazine has certified neither objectivity nor taste for sensationalism.

MARGARET WATKINS, ST. JOHN'S

Through the Ordeal of Martin Hartwell — by Alan Phillips (July) — I found it impossible to let my eyes wander for a single second when you stated that Alan Phillips was an extraordinary journalist, you were perfectly justified in doing so.

MARIA MELO, TORONTO

Phillips has done a great job in recapturing the events. It seemed I was reading a short story. All members of my family have read the article and now our neighbor wants to borrow the magazine.

GLENN M. LEMCHUK, WILKINSON, SASK.

C'est le gouvernement

Walter Stewart's article on bilingualism in the federal public service, entitled *Merci mesurés* never saying "Je regrette" (August), shows that, although he writes with flair, his use of "colorful" adjectives and other so-called "concessions" in his writing is certainly entitled to express his editorial opinions, but there are a few points in the article where he is more colorful than accurate.

The most striking example is where he describes a memorandum which I am alleged to have addressed to my staff following last October's election. I am quoted as saying: "This is to remind you that I was not a candidate, and was not defeated in yesterday's election."

No such memorandum was ever written.

J. J. GARDIN, CHIEFMAN,
PUBLIC SERVICE CANADA

I found *Merci mesurés* never saying "Je regrette" by Walter Stewart (August) very readable and provoking. I see myself as one of the "rebukes" who say "nobody's going to turn French down my throat." Perhaps we would be more receptive to the bilingual concept if we had some assurance that the French-speaking people are getting English trained down their throats.

Berly it was quite clear in the last federal election that we Westerners are 90% English speaking and recent our taxes going for bilingual signs, publications, labels and French phrases which we neither read or want. What does it take to convince the C. M. Drury, John Gurnea, Keith Spence and others in high places that it is not freight rates and economics that cost them seats in the West? It was simply the running down our throats of the French factor combined with the sky-rocketing of our monarchical form of government.

If this whole French bit is to keep Canada united, we are wasting our

continued on page 18

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ture and money. The Quebecers laugh up their sleeves and hold out their hands to scoop up more cashmere to finance grandiose schemes like Expo and the Olympics. As long as they can demand and receive money, they will juggle the central of cash in front of us and we will listen after it, apportioning them at every turn and learning to *parler français*. Well, not this weekend!

ELIZABETH ROBERTSON, CALGARY

Reading up on BC

George Woodcock's article in *Books in British Columbia* — *Getting Away From Us All* (June) — appears to have been written five years ago. Where on earth has the man been?

He says "... There are no real trade publishers on the Coast. Instead there is a pattern of dedicated small presses like Talonbooks ... Bluestem Press ... and Sono Nis." These small presses undoubtedly have put out worthwhile books — many edited by Canada Council grants — but their contribution to book publishing is meagre compared to the trade publishers ignored in the article.

The oldest publisher in Vancouver with a very long list of regional history books is Mitchell Press, run by staunchly independent Howard Mitchell. The November House but seems to be developing with award-grade fiction and books of social concern. *Lawyer Jack James*. Self-Censored Press has made the public aware of their legal rights. Greydonald Graphics in the last three years has published three best sellers by Canadian standards. And Tad Publishing has put out three books in the last six months, one of which has sold 30,000 copies. There is also Hancock House with books in nature subjects and *Saltwater* with marine books. My own fall list puts us in the top five trade publishers in Canada this season.

JIM BOVILLAS, 2-2 BOVILLAS LTD.

Where the track leads

I am prompted to write you following publication of Gordon Gibson's column *The Pipeline Is On The Wrong Track* (June).

He writes that a Mackenzie pipeline would "certainly" require new technology, whereas a railway would not because Canada has considerable expertise in western railways. Evidently, Gibson is not aware that there are more miles of pipeline in Canada than railway tracks. He presumably also overlooked the highly developed state of Canadian pipeline technology. This was described by W. A. Scotland,

continued on page 22



CANADA AT ITS FINEST.

When you suddenly find just what you've been looking for. The anxious wait for it to go on the block. The give and take of the bidding. The instantaneous decisions.

When you're with people. Mixing. Talking. Laughing. You enjoy the day even if you come back empty-handed.

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It's easy enough to decide whether a car is good-looking or not. But then you have to make some decisions that aren't quite as simple. Like how well made it is. How durable. And how good the workmanship really is.

Of course everybody has an opinion or feeling about which cars are well-made. But the fact remains that lots of people could probably use, and appreciate some advice about how to judge an automobile. And that's exactly what we're doing. Telling you how to inspect a car. What to look at, and what to look for, when you go to buy a car. So here are some things you can check for yourself:

What to do after you kick the tires.

1. Slam the doors a couple of times. And listen for a good solid sound. And while you're at it pay careful attention to how the doors hang. The lines



should be straight and the space around them even and tight. It might interest you to know that in some of our own quality tests we slam prototype doors about 80-hour times just to be sure that they can stand the punishment.

2. Take a good look at how the hood joins the rest of the body. It should nest itself flush with the adjoining surfaces with neat even spacing all around.

3. Examine how the fenders join to form the body against the same standards that you've used in looking at the hood. See

how the lights, bumper, grille and other components are joined to form the body. The lower fender is tight, smooth fit.

4. Examine all the moldings and trim. And don't just look at it, run your hand along it, too. Bumper being straight and true, the joints should be smooth, with no protruding edges. Frayed edges and bits of cloth protruding are obviously a mark against it.

5. Get inside the car and sit down on the seats feeling for comfort and support. Check the seat adjustment.

It should move easily and lock snugly. Looking at the upholstery it should have a neat, well-tailored appearance. Still sitting in the front seat, feel and look around. This upholstery should be smooth and well-tailored. You'll note LTD luxury is carried through with a padded ceiling overhead.

6. Check the instrument panel. It should be thoughtfully organized so that controls and accessories, like air conditioning,



radio and cigarette lighter are located in such a way that either driver or passenger can use them. Fasten the seat belt to make sure all the controls are still easy to reach.



7. Get out of the car, stand back and notice the lower and high gloss of the paint. And remember, over the life of a car, enamel will continue to hold its luster and gloss.

Obviously, we're confident that the 1974 Ford LTD can stand comparison from informed consumers. See for yourself at your Ford Dealer's.

Think about this. Everyone says compare... Ford tells you how.

The closer you look,
the better we look.



energy adviser on oil and gas to the federal Energy, Mines and Technical Development. The Canadian pipeline industry . . . is an acknowledged leader and pioneer in the construction of pipelines under extreme winter conditions."

Gibson states that an Arctic railway would mean a lower cost for moving both natural gas and oil than a pipeline. To provide a meaningful cost comparison, one must look at the supralinear pipeline costs over the same area and distance, which is estimated to be just over three billion dollars. But the costs of constructing the liquefaction and re-gasification facilities required to move liquefied natural gas by railroad are estimated to be about \$3.8 billion. This means that the cost of the railroad itself would be an added cost compared to the pipe-

line. In other words, it costs as much, if not slightly more, merely to loosely and ineffectively natural gas than it does to move natural gas by pipeline. The cost of a single-track railway that would only be able to move oil or gas, not both, is estimated at close to six billion dollars. Having regard to these facts, Gibson's statement cannot be taken seriously.

He also states that an Arctic railway can be built with close to 100% Canadian ownership. However, when one looks at the fact that the total investment will be substantially greater than the investment associated with the pipelines, it is most difficult to understand why the Canadian ownership would be higher as a percentage of the total rather than the inverse. In that connection, we believe that more than 50% of the equity in the

pipeline can be raised in Canada, thereby meeting the government's guidelines for ownership. BILL WELDER, CHAIRMAN, CANADIAN ARCTIC GAS STUDY LIMITED, TORONTO

A vote for a senator

As a young native Newfoundlandian (who's spent some time in Ontario and Michigan attending university), Senator Fred Rowe's *Fresh Mow* and other *Norwex* jokes (August) came as a refreshing change to me. Not only was his article well written, but it was objective and true as well (and that's a *norwex*). Having read some of Mowat's and Horwood's cretaceous, and having undergone the cross-examination of several marshallers who never tire of telling the latest Newfie

continued on page 24

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8/20/71

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jobs (or some fantasy of life in Newfoundland), and having just two days ago come back from a visit to an area of Newfoundland where the issue of contraception versus immigration has caused some considerable debate and controversy, I feel at least suited to the matter enough to congratulate Senator Rowe as an exceptional and revealing article.

C. BRAD, COLBY'S POINT, N.B.

Not the way I saw it

Here's a delayed author's reply to the criticism of Mobil Oil Canada — "Your Piece (July) — about my article *Sable Island* (April). While the situation may well have changed since, at the time I wrote the article Mobil and the other groups on the island certainly were in opposing, mutually suspicious, camps. If the situation has improved since, I congratulate all concerned. It had room for improvement.

I do not think I claimed Texas Eastern Transmission was the money behind Mobil Canada. I said it was behind the Sable Island project. I was given the information by free-lance photographer Leo Touchet, sent from Houston by Texas Eastern to "photograph their investment," as Touchet put it. I have a copy of the resulting photo-essay, publishing Telos.

I heard about the Teco group from a man who claimed he worked for it. We sat in his tent on Sable, while he spread out charts and talked about their work. I would say more, except that all my notes are back in Canada. Finally, if I used treatment terminology for oil flows, I apologise. I note, however, that Mr. Naalima does not dispute the point I was making.

FENNY WILLIAMS, INDIANOLA

Smacking your LIPs

Thank you for the short article, *Winer*, don't give me any LIP (August). It was delightful to read that the LIP recipients had the good taste to spend their income on what appears to have been a great business — and had the nerve to use some of their wine back. They set a fine example. In a nation consuming pre-packed catfishene meals, it was refreshing to learn that a LIP guest and your words article are indirectly encouraging good eating for all the socioeconomic categories in Canada.

NEIL MORRISON, KAMLOOPS, BC

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO Maclean's Magazine, Your View, 451 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA M5W 1A7.

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Scotland's fate Canada's lesson

A sobering analogy: if Scotland belongs to England do we belong to America?

by HUGH MACLENNAN

Ever since Washington announced its new economic policies two years ago, such parts of Canada as are political have been living in a trance. This is what often happens to people and nations when they are aware of something new they cannot bear to contemplate because, if they do, they will be confronted with unpleasant realities they don't know how to make.

It happened to millions of Canadians immediately after the 1929 stock market crash. Over the centuries it has happened to many a nation—in the United States for instance in the decade before the Civil War when the Americans evaded the fact that their country could not endure half-slave and half-free. And to Britain and France in the 1930s, when neither could concede the idea of another war fought to quash the Germans' ambitions. Ultimately, in such situations, the new reality strikes home. But first comes the national trance.

Canada today feels no Fort Sumter or sinking ship, but as we soon make up our minds about our future relations with the United States, we will drift or be pushed into with a passion that our nation will become a mere territorial expression of American aspirations—in Scotland is a territorial expression of England.

When I was young I often heard people say, "Canada is the Scotland of North America." Only recently did it occur to me that it might be worthwhile considering the extent to which this is true. There are certainly some obvious parallels. An Scotland is the hard northern up to the Frith of Forth, with the rich farmlands and cities of England just below her sea in Can-



"Unless we soon make up our minds about our relations with the United States, we will become a territorial expression of American aspirations—as Scotland is of England."

ada to the United States. Both countries were plagued by the religious divisions, which left them at the subsistence level so far as good farmland was concerned. It also gave them a heritage of spectacular beauty uncorrupted by cities and towns, and of this they were both well advised to boast. When one of Bonar's friends told Dr. Johnson that Scotland had "many wild, noble prospects," Johnson retorted that Lapland also had wild noble prospects, but that "the sublime prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England!"

A good many high-roads for a good many years led Canadians into the United States, where most of them maintained a prickly pride in the country they had abandoned. So did the Scotch who went to England. A Scotsman says they say it that when an Edinburgh man returned from a week of business in London and was asked how he liked the English, he reply

was: "I don't rightly like 'em. I was only meeting the heads of companies and they were all Scots." (He should have added that these company heads were pertinaciously sent to Scotland, be questionably they sent their sons to English schools and universities.) Still another resemblance is the belief held by Scotsmen and Canadians that they are more moral than their rich southern neighbors. But the most interesting parallel, of course, are political and economic, and here the resemblances are balanced by many important differences.

After centuries of vague clan warfare and unspeakable treacheries on the part of nearly all her leaders, Scotland finally developed her independence for good and all when the

chairs gave the Provosts enough troops to invade England with the purpose of putting him on the throne. After the English had moved down the frosted street of sword-wielding clannish in Calcutta, they treated the clan with a rabidness worthy of Stalin in the Baltic States. Many were hanged a few were beheaded and thousands were transported to the southern plantations of America.

In spite of a half century of romantic songs about Bonnie Prince Charlie ("Will ye no come back again?") since the result ended the majority of official Scots agreed that the total knockout of a national hope was the best thing that had ever happened to them.

Having reduced Scottish nationalism to the harmless level of St. Andrew's Day balls, ceremonial bagpipes and clan tartan, England treated Scotland as a part of herself, to the almost unanimous applause of the urban Scots in the Lowlands. The order the imposed, together with the inventions the made in Scottish industry, made possible Scotland's so-called Golden Age. True, not many Scots participated in it, but the names of some who did are still in the history books of the world: David Hume, James Watt, McCulloch and Telford, Adam Smith, Robert Burns, Walter Scott.

But Scotland's Golden Age was short-lived. Even during its brief flowering the fate of most poor Scots, above all the Highlanders, was as tragic as it was awful. Their own chiefs, still trying to live in the style of English lords, decided to copy the methods of English industrial farming. In order to turn the glens into moorland they rent them out entirely to the merchants, burned their crops, killed or transported any who resisted them. Tens of thousands of starving Highlanders emigrated to Canada, my own forebears among them, and now their descendants have number several millions, many of them speaking French.

For at least a century these poet memories and heroisms were never spoken of, the promise was made that the old book was closed and forgotten. But an experience like that can never be forgotten. It licks undamaged in the collective unconscious, as Freud noted toward the end of his life. I am convinced that what Freud called "memory traces on the subconscious" have been responsible for Canada's otherwise bewildering diffidence and humbleness in most of her dealings with the United States. We hold in our collective con-



"The evidence is overwhelming that American leaders believe they can make Canada an offer she cannot refuse."

sciousness a memory of Scotland's loss to England. It accounts for our profound distrust of any expression of self-confidence, national nationalism. The supreme example of that was Maclean's King, the grandson of the old Scotch aristocrat of Upper Canada. King virtually went on all fours to President Franklin Roosevelt and at the end of his life he was given a state funeral by the Rockwells.

Now let's change the key and get down to cases. Scotland failed not only because her old-time leaders were unwise and cowardly and selfish. Above all the failed because the never discovered a single constructive idea that might have made her national survival of value to the rest of mankind. It is very different here. Though few Canadians dare believe it, Canada today may quite possibly be the best-led country in the world. We obviously refuse to become a melting pot. The kind of federation we are trying to work out here may have many weaknesses, but it still is a light thing in the development of a distant colonial society to Romance. We stand. Our national survival is of value — but the difficulty is that too many of us either don't believe that or don't realize we are in danger.

Nobody in Canada wishes a confrontation with the United States, but it is coming, if it isn't it is just around the corner. The friendly neighbors of the past looks so different under Richard Nixon that millions of us now citizens wonder whether they are still living in the same country. A confrontation between us and the United States is certain because the Americans are demanding it.

I believe that explains the otherwise inexplicable mania that has gripped our political life in the past two years. The symptoms of a nation unwilling to make up its mind poured up all over, but nowhere more obviously than in the grotesque results of last fall's election. It was paralysis induced to simple addition and what now is important is not what happened, but why it happened.

A prime minister, who only two years earlier had been the most popular in our history, suddenly became anathema to the press and to a large number of the general public. Pierre Trudeau's genuine achievements were completely forgotten. What two years earlier had been excused as bad whimsy — his candor, his piety, his wit but strange — suddenly all these appeared to be deliberate malice, indifference, hard-heartedness, arrogance. Certainly Pierre Trudeau made mistakes, but no matter who he had done or failed to do these would still have been a substantial measure of an achievement. It was not because of his government that the voters handed

ated him. This was proved by post-election Gallup poll which indicated that a very large majority of Canadians still believed that the Liberals would make the best government. Why then such a change of feeling about their leader?

I don't think the historians will find much difficulty in answering that. Trudeau is the most outspoken leader we ever had, and in a crisis one of the most decisive. Remember his response to the challenge of the American oil companies in the Arctic? His decision to recognize the People's Republic of China? His leadership during the FLQ crisis? For all these things the bulk of the world's press applauded him at the time. So did we, or at least the majority of us. And then we turned on him. But we did not turn him completely out of office. We merely paralyzed him. If the collective public mind was to stay he was the determinant and destroy the trendy group made out to be, why did it not give Robert Stanfield a clear mandate? Why did it hold the NDP down to its usual 25 plus seats?

Politics are almost invariably emotional and it is in the arena of the unconscious, as Maclean's King knew so well, that the only important events of political life occur. What is that we feared Trudeau? Feared that a man like him might break our moose-toe for the United States part as he had broken Quebec's stance no-our English Canada?

From 1960 until, I would say, the end of 1970, the key to Canadian politics was Quebec. Living in I don't think provincial. I think I can say with some certainty that so far as Quebec is concerned the strange and exciting times of the Sixties in over I believe Quebec proved this by voting overwhelmingly — but overwhelmingly — for Confederation in 1972. Whatever the rest of Canada may have thought, to the average Quebecois Confederation was what that entire election had been about. They declared that they wanted to stay in as if they could. But Quebecers in general seem oblivious to the irreversibility of a general Canadian union in regard to the United States and yet everything in this history should prepare them for confederation and defeat.

In fact all four ethnic groups that came together to create Confederation — the French, the Loyalists, the Scotch and the Irish — were the children of four separate defeats and abandonments. Nearly all Canadians born when I was born had a fair close to a loss of offering to Canada an unfilled legacy. Their forebears had offered a loyalty, pledged down and coming over, to weak causes that had been lost from the beginning. What now natural than for a Scotch Canadian to feel that a total commitment of loyalty to Canada, as weak relative to the United States as Scotland had been, was relative to



"Tens of thousands of starving Highlanders emigrated to Canada, my own forebears among them, and now their descendants number several millions."

England, would end in a general disaster? Or for a French Canadian to feel the same when he remembered the devotion his forebears had shown to an addled and inefficient France? Or for a Loyalist Canadian to remember the price his ancestors paid for supporting the insane George III?

I was 30 years old (and significantly, had just come to live in Quebec) before I understood that it was the memory traces of these traumatic experiences, imprinted on the subconscious of all four founding ethnic groups, that explained the Canadian fear of admitting a total loyalty to the country where they lived. The French Canadians were absolutely loyal to their Church. English-speaking Canada transferred its absolute loyalty to Great Britain. It was not for Canada's sake that this country plunged into the two German wars. It was for Britain's. Or perhaps it was our need of her approval. What are these old steel anchors now? The foundations of all our traditional loyalties faded in the 1850s and virtually disappeared in the 1930s. But during this same period, a new element of inviolable strength entered the country — the second million. New Canadians who entered Canada in the aftermath of the old promises had feared to do. It is no wonder that New Canadians are among the most outspoken advocates of Canadian independence and the most proud of their assistance of the nation's excellence. Who was it that cried out to his fellow-countrymen after that hockey debacle against Russia, at the third match of the series? — and cried with tears in his eyes, "We love Canada!" It was Phil Esposito.

Well, if there was one thing we could be sure of in the recent time before the Watergate scandal, it was that the leaders of the U.S.A. neither knew nor cared about the causes of Canada's inner. Having succumbed to Richard Nixon's terrifying redpolitik, all they asked of us was that we "have the confidence with which this president could mean giving three quarters of Canada away. It was the same kind of mistake that England committed to Scotland after 1746.

When Nixon, miraculously, found himself caught in his own spider web, Canada once more... /continued on page 98



"We held in our collective consciousness a memory of Scotland's loss to England."



"... The French, the Loyalists, the Scotch and the Irish came together in Confederation — the children of four separate defeats and abandonments."



"The West has produced a whole literature of nostalgia written by people who left, books about their childhood and running of age which end as soon as the writer grows up and goes east." Thus Maclean's contributing editor Heather Robertson (who grew up in Winnipeg and succinctly explains her own reasons for looking for the west instead of hair in search of something more real than memories — roots and a sense of place. She spent a year, on and off, visiting five towns deliberately selected for their different economic, ethnic and political conditions, she came away startled by their similarity, and by the depth of a tough, unending Western culture only one generation old. In her new book, *Grass Roots*, released this month by James Lewis & Sonnet, she comes to terms with the myths and realities of the Canadian West, the excepts that follow are taken from her chapters on the proud little Saskatchewan town that created a sign. NEW YORK IS BIG. BUT THIS IS BIGGAR.

GRASS ROOTS

Life and dust in a prairie town
BY HEATHER ROBERTSON

A light freezing rain is falling on Biggar as the legionnaires form up for the Remembrance Day parade. Rows on rows of weaned grey men in blue blazers, grey trousers and blue berets, they come pouring out of the Legion Hall and roll around at the bottom of Main Street, waiting for the Air Cadets band which is still practising drum rolls in the parking lot behind the post office. The band's drums sound gaudy youths with slicked-down hair in World War II air force uniforms, finally marches up and takes its place behind the Legion color party. A roll of drums and the mob of cars, four abreast, moves up Main Street toward the Majestic Theatre, Biggar's old movie theatre where the service will be held.

The parade is led by two members of the Biggar RCMP in red coats and spurs. They look very awkward and embarrassed in their gray uniforms at the handful of foremen spectators lined up on the sidewalks. Behind them are four grey-cloaked and two middle-aged women from the Legion Auxiliary and a pair of beefy veterans whose bright rows of war medals clank over their breasts. The crowd of men follows, each one trying to keep in step, holding himself as erect as he can in this icy drizzle. Their rubber soles are bad on snow and their long towed topsides flap in the wind. Except for the grunts, Main Street is virtually deserted. The only sounds are the lonely rattling of the drums and the shuffling of hundreds of shoes through the snow. The men stare straight ahead. They are followed by the women of the Legion Auxiliary in matching blue blazers and berets, their thin blue legs sticking like matchsticks out of their heavy winter boots, then by ranks of Elks in purple fur coats with white tassels and the ladies of the Royal Purple in purple blouses and white skirts. On and on they come, phantoms after phantoms, Cubs, Scouts, Brownies, Guides, kids of all ages and all sizes, parking and giggling, blinded by solemn Brown. Old and even more uncomfortable. Each group is in uniform and carries its own banner or flag.

The parade quickly covers the two blocks in the Majestic Theatre, and the mothers fill made just the little glass ticket window. Soon the theatre is full and some people have to stand at the back by the doors. The Majestic is very old and very dingy and the dust rises in fine clouds as the chair seats are thumped down. The wooden floor squeals under the weight of the crowd. Up on the stage, there is Biggar's doors or as dignitaries are staged on chairs between the crumpled flags and posted men along with the RCMP and the Biggar Method, a frail old lady in a black dress. In the centre is a cardboard canopy. The service used to be held at the real cen-

tennial of the provincial government and the Town of Biggar. A lady from the Legion Auxiliary makes her way down the aisle and up to the stage to lay a wreath. She is followed by a member of the IOOE, then an Elk, two Brownies, the Knights of Columbus, the Lady Trinitarians, a member of the student council at Biggar, Carleton Place, High, and two Scouts, a representative of the Royal Municipality of Biggar. The procession goes on and on. The trumpet keeps playing. He plays the simple melody over once, twice, three times. Still the wreaths keep coming. The trumpeting takes on an air of agony and desperation and phantoms float and stir in the computer pump for beneath their thin faces and under their coats altogether. Soon the trumpet's breathing is as audible as the byers and the audience is transfixed by the unseen agency on the balcony. The tone grows weaker and weaker, spitting, sputtering until, just as the president of the Chamber of Commerce reaches the stage with his wreath, it fades away. The balcony is silent.

The Anglican minister gives the scripture lesson, the United Church minister says a very long prayer and the sermon is delivered by the pastor from the Church of God. The collection is taken in round metal tins. A couple of hymns come, a prayer and God Save The Queen and legionnaires shake their heads out into the drizzle as the veterans march to the basement of the Legion Hall where they will toast their fallen comrades with rum and ginger ale.

Early in the summer of 1908 William Hodgins Biggar, K.C., of Belleville, Ontario, was travelling across northwestern Saskatchewan in the private railway car which he owned, a president of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, for which Mr. Biggar was the solicitor. A former Ontario MLA and sometime mayor of Belleville, Mr. Biggar was accompanying other members of the board of directors of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway on an inspection tour of their new railway line to the west coast. To relieve the tedium of the journey the men amused themselves by designating the buffalo wallows and patches of willow as the new stations and divisional points on the railway. Not surprisingly, they named the stations after themselves. Mr. Biggar was first, naming his townsite Melville. The next divisional point west to Mr. Biggar's town was not to be a large town although an absolutely first-class (later) station of prairie 60 miles due west of Saskatchewan. Before the train arrived the slough was nameless, after the train pulled out it was Biggar. Mr. Biggar never saw his town in a photo — that of a dark, gaunt, white-haired old gentleman — hangs in the Biggar town hall, but aside from a couple of old men, no one in town knows or cares who he is.

The slough for Biggar was originally laid out on the slough on the north side of the tracks but it was changed in the nick of time to the hill on the north. The machine makes Main Street a little precipitous in the winter but it gives Biggar good drainage, of which the town is proud. / continued on page 40

Passing fancy.

Anatomy of the quarterback's perfect quarterback

BY JACK BATTEN

"Pre quarterback," says Dick Thompson, formerly one himself as well as a great defensive back, "are the ultimate horses."

So they are. These days, among star athletes and more ordinary heroes, quarterbacks in professional football have become Super People. They are rich (Toronto Argos pay Joe Theismann \$0 grand a year), revered (they draw far more fan mail than players in any of the other positions), brassy and sophisticated (they opiate out of playbooks as thick as a Sherman Wood best seller). To Jim Tynes, who coached Hank Aaron Tiger-Cats to five league titles, quarterbacks are "like the general manager of a large corporation."

Which, for me anyway, introduces a question: Who can relate to a general manager? Who can relate to today's pro quarterback?

I could relate to Nobby Winkowski. He was a little guy passionately on guard against the forces of adversity which visited him on a regular basis. When he came from Miami of Ohio University to the Toronto Argos in 1951, he played a popular favorite. At Delaware, and the fans booed him, even when he took the team to a Grey Cup in 1952. "Toronto's most underrated athlete," a line used in the *Globe* and *Star* back then. Eventually Winkowski was moved along to Hamilton Tiger-Cats, then Calgary Stampeders. He used to throw his passes with a great motion, like a jock playing touch football on a Sunday morning, and his specialty was the boot, that favorite of all touch football devotees. Good old Nobby. He seemed human.

But, I ask myself, how human are today's quarterbacks, those super people with their moveable techniques and their secret new stuff?

Joe Theismann answered a question I hadn't asked him.

"The greatest thing that ever happened to me," he said at the beginning of our talk, sitting in the empty stands at the CNE Stadium one summer afternoon, "was marrying my wife Cheryl. Married life gives me something to hold on to. For me, marriage is number one."

About quarterbacking, Joe: "Also I love my kids, really love them."

Theismann is working on an image. "The way the media sees you," he said me later on, "is the way most fans are going to see you." He was making sure I saw him as a sincere Joe Theismann, Family Man.

His looks are straight out of a TV commercial: life's knuckle-boned, handsome-faced, wide-smiling, deep-chested, trim-bottomed, and not all that tall (Dino Azevedo probably congratulated him). Theismann is six feet, 11 at five-fourteen, didn't have to glance up too far to go eyeball-to-eyeball with Joe, a conventional runner he threw in part of the stretch-shorter range.)

Theismann has phenomenal stats as a quarterback. All-time offensive champion, passing and rushing combined, at his university, Notre Dame. Runner-up to Jim Plunkett (now New England's quarterback) for 1973 Heisman Trophy as the U.S.'s number one college player. Led Notre Dame over Texas in 1971 Cotton Bowl, passing for one TD, running for two more. Top passer in CFL. Kari dating 1971 rookie year with Argos — 148 completions out of 278 attempts for 2446 yards and 17 touchdowns. Broke his ankle in 1972, a season about which he says, "I don't even count it as part of my life."

Theismann, still only 24, edged with breathtaking speed and accuracy in Canadian football.

"Number one thing I did was strengthen my arm," he said in his quick, vivid talking style, the words flowing out better-seller. "The big field

up here means you got to throw maybe 45 yards across and 15 ahead just to complete a little sideline pattern. Nobody notices that, but it's tough. So I worked out three hours a day throwing the ball and I increased my arm strength by half an inch and my weight by 15 pounds."

Life things mean a lot? "Not so little Joe, basically a quarterback is born with certain attributes. The same way a sprinter naturally has speed, a quarterback naturally is born with a quick release" — i.e., the ability to throw a pass without undue delays that allow the defensive line to sap the play — "which cuts down right there on the number of people who are going to grow up to be quarterbacks. You're born with attributes, then you've got to work on them in practice. Theismann built it up himself. I concentrate on that."

But does Theismann have a guiding philosophy behind his approach to quarterbacking? "It boils on my way, 'Enterstate.' That's how I see myself. I'm earning the kind of salary that I can dedicate my whole time to football. I've got an obligation to give out 100% to the fans because they're madly paying my salary. That's my approach."

Randomness? "A few days after the convention, Theismann gave a demonstration of his quarterbacking techniques — quick feet, whippet arm, bubbling set of shoulders — during a game that Argos won from Saskatchewan Roughriders, 25-13. The demonstration showed down more eloquently to a series of five consecutive plays in the second quarter beginning at the Argos 48, line and 10 for Toronto.

First play: wide receiver Eric Allerton, his speediest receiver, came into the Saskatchewan secondary, running left to right, and Theismann hit him on the money with a wiff. *toronto.com/page/2*

Wrist — Eddy, Hamilton

For a passer who isn't strong-armed (Rex's Check) the secret is in the wrist. Flick. Completion.

Shoulder — Link, Calgary

The body? A better hand? A quick pass to the line? Not a very all-round passer.

Elbow — Lancaster, Regina

There's a secret in all it takes. Run to avoid the ball. They're why he's the master of the quick release.

Legs — Theismann, Toronto

Joe's elegant running creates an image calling yards. That's most halfbacks' goal.

Boots — Jones, Winnipeg

It kept to hold a kick or two in reserve. Don does. He boots field goals and punts.

Height — Rae, Toronto

Fast you have to see your receivers. Mike can. He's a one of the select passers.

Confidence — Jones, Winnipeg

Interceptions and other disasters don't scare him. He still figures he's head ahead of the field gun.

Hands — Mira, Montreal

How you see it. How you do it. Savage puts a magic spin on his ball-handling.

Heart — Wilkinson, Edmonton

He's short, potted and almost too slow to be a QB heart. Toronto's own through back walk even defensive lines for too.

Body — Keeling, Ottawa

Just not as durable — he put in the first half of his pro career at a hard-nosed defensive back.



Put all these talents together in one man and they spell Grey Cup.

How to survive middle age

The answer is a revolution of the self. So start running.

BY JOHN HOFESS

Perhaps if she had said yes when I offered her a cigarette, perhaps if she had said, "Spend" or "What a nice idea," when I presented, like a nervous waiter, a bottle of chilled white wine and two Winifred crystal glasses in my briefcase, my life wouldn't have taken the turn it did. But as soon as she said no — tobacco and alcohol being two of her allergies — I thought, of course not, Margaret Atwood wouldn't smoke and likely wouldn't drink much.

Prior to reading *Survival* I had assigned myself to thinking that I would never again be as stimulated by new ideas as I had been in my formative years. Life wore me down. Most of me's friends settled down and that settled down on top of them. *Survival* was a challenge to change. "There's no exit, the door is open," Atwood said, "there-for be bold."

I had packed on muscle (this was the first time) with a serious, insatiable greed. Instead each time I lit a cigarette, or threw my glass again, I focused that her eyes followed my motions (perhaps because our meeting, on a rainy day, in a dark, small, socially underdeveloped room at Mount College, was so quiet in other regards of social interaction with class, divine amusement. I felt embarrassed by my addictions. Unlike Urie.

How can a person, who, in the middle of a discussion of New Canadian novelist themselves if Moby-Dick were a Canadian novel, Atwood contends it would have been related from the whale's point of view, burn a hole in a tyroise coffee cup attempting to heat a cigarette and be late to the nearest sink to extinguish the smoldering mess, possibly be taken seriously? In my case, I had to dash out the door and down the hall to the nearest washroom, leaving Margaret in startled mid-scintence.

Who's in charge here anyway, I asked myself, do you smoke them or do they smoke you? How can anyone who habit-

ually chooses to become gossamer gaunt and is knowingly impairing most bodily organs (with arsenic, carbon monoxide in addition to nicotine and tar) presume to take a stand on any moral system? It is transparent hypocrisy to pontificate on the problems of society when the state of one's own self-government is so corrupt, so derailed.

In the days ahead I listened to a new inner voice. Do you realize, I asked, that when John Keats was your age, he had been dead for nine years? When, here, is your poetry, music, whatever, going to come, living in you do? Taking refuge in *Survival* didn't, I realized, well if I'm not a creative being perhaps I'm a creative machine, gradually, steadily, creeping up to achievement. I wouldn't bet on it, measured this ungallant conscience, nobody who smokes a large pack of cigarettes a day (that's 9,224 a year at a cost of nearly \$300), drinks two or more cups of strong coffee, goes through a couple of chocolate cakes a week (butter, cream, eggs — all that yummy cholesterol) and rarely gets any exercise other than the odd stroll, is planning to live a long life. The only thing you're steadily gaining is weight, poor posture is showing in time. You're not fit to carry the torch of Canadiana; you'll probably just sprain your back.

Let's see how many paragraphs you can do," the YMCA instructor said, at the outset of my first Fitness Test. I did 12 and collapsed, panting, life woz, "Five" 30-ups 24, "Good" Chis-ups two, "Very poor" 50 much for my muscular endurance. My oxygen intake was "low." 3 I blew momentum I jogged a slow half-mile and felt as if I had run into a stone wall.

I was in average shape for a 34-year-old Canadian male, he told me. (I know what that meant. I was a wreck.)

In the days ahead, my inner voice grew glibly with self-reproaches. "What a sparkling creature you are! Damn it, don't slow your pace! Are you going to where about those wozz blizzies? I told you to wear thicker socks, wool socks, and pack up your feet! Now get it on!" In the first three months of my "revolution of the self" I ran 263 miles, and did more than 750 kilometers on a home exercise bike, in addition to a program of calisthenics and swimming. In all I missed workouts on only three days. At the end of that time I weighed 155 pounds (a loss of 14), had increased my vital lung capacity to 3.2 times (a gain of 1.1), had developed a heart beat rate of 56 (a drop of 30 beats per minute from my daily as a sedentary smoker). My cholesterol level which had been 174 (considered fairly low) had dropped and further to 156, my triglycerides level dropped from 116 to 116, and instead of my piling 12 push-ups in a minute I did 34, 30 sit-ups and knee-

chis-ups. Percentage of body fat decreased from 14.1 to 12.6 (13% is considered ideal) although most athletic is bare about 10%.

With such small challenges successfully met, I felt once again that I was master of myself. One even as best one could in an overbearing world, but one did even, that was the important thing, so more, fortitude, no crying out for help. There was a steady psychological buoyancy, strong enough to support the vicissitudes of each day. There is after a long, endurance run a sweet euphoria, I call it "the burn of health," in which the whole body seems to sing with contentment. It is a content and deeper by far than the toxic pleasure of booze or other drugs, it postulates every cell in the well-nourished body and bestows a heightened energy.

After *Survival* once more, "That which is creative must first create itself." Many people accept an "reality" as external world full of stress and noise, berate and pressure; and their response is inward chastisement, which they relieve through drugs. But there is surprisingly much inner stress and anxiety when a person is fit: it is a self-imposed weakness, to be alert in the world and buffeted back and forth from stress biochemical lights to distressing depression.

Scratch the first half of your life, a new initiative self commanded, making change, from here on you're playing for keeps. Narcissism creeds more than a big mouth.

The best exercise

One of the best investments you'll ever make for less than two dollars is Kenneth H. Cooper's best-selling book *The New Aerobic* (Bantam paperbacks, \$1.25) which provides detailed programs for the whole family. Prior to beginning any strenuous exercise program, an exhaustive physical examination should be done to determine if there are any hidden weaknesses.

Warm-up exercises should always be done prior to jogging, followed by cool-



ug-off exercise. Warm-ups usually consist of knee bends and general calisthenics. Coding-off exercises consist of sit-ups and leg raises to return the blood flow to the upper levels of the body.

Copier's basic test of fitness, following a medical examination, is to have the subject run for 12 minutes, at the subject's best speed. A distance of 1.5 miles is considered "good."

Copier estimates that jogging for just twice a 15-minute dash does not provide the way of an aerobic effect; two to three miles does this three times a week, in a time range from 12 to 22 minutes will ensure top fitness. Total workout including calisthenics should consume 600 to 800 calories, and take about an hour.

Equipment: Don't cheat your feet. You may find it necessary to wear two pairs of socks (wool against the skin to absorb moisture, the outer sock to absorb the moisture from sock-to-sock effect) and therefore should buy your running shoes one-half size larger than street wear. Another is the most serious issue in running and jogging shoes but the West German argument is merely the best because, due to recent changes, it changes Pirelli Sporting Goods, a Canadian company, with people such as Bobby Orr as investors, and Lloyd Portor as adviser, produces an excellent range of shoes in modern prices (consider that the best jogging brands on an evening) as well in jogging suits and equipment bags.

Buy your equipment cautiously. You'll rarely be able to return it after use because a certain level of arch irritation or blisters or a heel cap caused by your blisters, or the shoe proves too tight.

Getting old at 25

Middle-age is when you realize yourself to be living at about 10% of your capacity.

Middle-age is when you think and remember backward more than you look ahead.

Middle-age is self-imposed depression, it's that that doesn't have to be there, it's physical and intellectual lethargy that can be dispelled. It's the loss of self-interest.

"Canadian men, and to a slightly lesser degree, women, demonstrate physical decline between 25 and 35 more than any other 10-year span of their lives," Lloyd Portor contends. "The process actually starts earlier, in the early twenties, but it doesn't show up clearly until the late twenties and early thirties. At this period when the average person starts to become sedentary, his sports activities begin to fade as career, family and home take up more and more time and interest. We compared the fitness levels of individuals at their late teens with those age 30, and found



that there was a 50% increase in body fat, a 25% decrease in flexibility, a 25% decrease in oxygen intake, a 14% decrease in strength, a 40% decrease in heart performance, in addition to deterioration of posture and endurance. I call it the decade of decay."

If you haven't had a medical examination lately, complete with blood tests for cholesterol and triglyceride levels, lung capacity, muscular strength and flexibility, blood pressure under stress, and physical endurance, it is unlikely that you have an accurate impression of your physiological age.

The response and mental outlook of a physically fit person are substantially different from those of someone who is sedentary. The difference is in the state of the mind. One principal difference is the response to stress. The death rate of widows and widowers is 10 times higher during the first year of bereavement than for others in their age, divorced persons have an almost 12 times higher than married persons in the year following their divorce, up to 80% of women physical fitness seems to develop at a time when the widows feel helpless and hopeless.

Even posture change is a stress, a change of job, of residence, a vacation, graduation from college: one increases one's vulnerability to stress, for a time, until the body system has adjusted. Physically fit people tolerate change better and faster, they will walk the basic more smoothly, think those who lead a sedentary life and have bad habits of nutrition. Those cells deprived of ample oxygen do not perform efficiently, untended, memory and sensory powers fade in a matter of days.

People deprived of REM sleep (period of sleep which occurs at roughly 90-minute intervals during which brain waves are higher than usual electrical frequency and hormonal secretions) become psychotic and paranoid in three

behavior in a matter of days. Alcohol, barbiturates, sleeping pills, even the mildest of commercial stimulants, all tend to interfere with REM sleep, reducing its frequency and duration, and in some instances obliterating it. Though many people believe that they know themselves, that their tastes and habits are established satisfactorily, only a person who has been back fit and still can tell the difference between how he or she feels and the world appears, how strong the ability to cope, how imaginative the will to create it, gives one state of health or the other.

One's view of oneself, "midway" is radically slanted by the health of the perceiver. This is not something which one can measure. People who are overfed and undernourished on a diet of junk food, whose circulatory systems are clogged with blood sludge (fatty debris and deposits) reflecting the amount of oxygen available, people who exercise just up strenuous activities and erode their chances for health and calm, people who drink excessively and degrade their REM sleep, people who are overfed and undernourished, their opinions on every conceivable social problem, their views on personal and social reality, and a steady bias to pessimism, and low no correspondence, to the world as perceived by people with optimum health.

The "decade of decay" is a turning point in our lives. Either we make our downward slide, or we make it our responsibility to climb out of it. The high-risk of middle age is the decade of decay, or we can discover an even greater sense of health and well-being than we had in the so-called "prime of youth" for youth is notoriously spendthrift on his resources.

My advice — men before you make a conscious choice to — to greatly increase the daily intake of Vitamin B complex. Within a week, your body will make the correct choice for you, instinctively, you will have increased energy, stamina and psychological strength. You will want to live active goals.

The changes introduced to your life should be gradual. If the idea of a major breakdown is still beginning to each day seems repulsive at first, one can take two 30-minute periods of sleep with pace and 30 minutes of protein in an instant. The size is to compensate with your best self as little as possible, until through a program of exercise and nutrition, the body, mind, heart, depressed, strength and personality that has been eroded for many years is thoroughly restored. One stage is a revolution of the self (instead of blaming all of life's problems on the government or the social system) a personal open effort. A new daily regime, a new regime.

Nonsense you'll read

"We must put a stop to the vicious cycle where food is used as a substitute for sex. The reason obesity which, in turn, makes the person less attractive and less desirable as a sexual object and even more greater obesity. *Thank for your note instead of that plate of cake, man or woman.* Sex is much more gratifying and will be doubly enjoyable when you are yourself becoming progressively slimmer as a result."

Sex is an excellent form of exercise and one that is highly recommended. The physical work involved in sexual intercourse is most beneficial, since more calories are consumed in each session than in walking a mile or jogging for a half-hour. It's one exercise that is easy to take, requires no fancy equipment and is not easily forgotten or abandoned. So reminds the first of passion, and one then to burn up that excess fat. If you wake up at night with a restless feeling, don't run to the refrigerator and stuff your stomach with all the food you can get. — *How Can You Keep Your Skin Slim, Alvin L. Friedman, MD.*

"The lovely bubble hat knows all there is to know about nutrition." — *Arvids and Pals Medicine, D. C. Juvon, MD.*

"When I learned that the Manson family are primarily seeking but chocolate bars, I wasn't the least surprised by their criminal behavior." — *Adelle Davis, author of Let's Get With, Let's Get Right To Keep Fit, Let's Cook It Right.*



Hearts are trump

In spite of what eyes say, one can get much more from something you see than what a fun even though it is not illegal, unusual or fascinating.

In fact, this activity will help improve your muscle and will greatly improve your muscle and your cardiovascular system. What is it? The simple act of walking.

This of course is not a sensational news. You've known it all along. Even your doctor has probably told you to get out and walk, and you've said you'll do so, peacefully. "I must do more walking!"

Tea also contains a related drug, theophylline. Cocoa and hazelnut chocolate contains theobromine, too, of the same drug group.

Caffeine causes the heart to work harder. The reason is fairly simple. Since the metabolism is speeded up, the circulation must deliver more oxygen to the cells, which means the heart must pump more blood or increase its work. Working the heart an extra amount because of drug effects places a strain on it without necessity.

Healthy men should have resting heart rates below 70 per minute. Women have heart rates only a little faster. Coffee and cigarettes both increase the heart rate. Many office workers have a resting heart rate of 80 or more. Stress, poor levels of fitness, caffeine drinks and cigarettes are usually the cause. These individuals are more likely to have heart disease or a sudden death. This medical study recently reported that people who drink one cup of coffee daily have a 60% greater chance of heart attack than non-coffee drinkers, while those who drink six or more cups daily incur 120% greater risk of such attack. Tea and coffee are the most established habits in many people's lives that a reduction of their use, as opposed to complete elimination, is all that can be hoped for. The following recipe, which can be prepared as quickly as instant coffee, not only helps to reduce the craving for caffeine drinks but surpasses them in providing a liquid, integrated form of energy. It is ideal at any hour of the day, alone or with meals. Put 2 or 3 teaspoons of apple cider vinegar 2 or 3 teaspoons of liquid honey 2 or 3 teaspoons of fresh squeezed lemon juice

in a cup and fill with hot water. By varying the ingredients, one can make it tart or sweet, as desired. Unlike tea or coffee, the hot tonic has a useful vitamin and mineral content. By varying the honey, one can alter the caloric and taste to suit individual preference. Caloric content ranges from 40 to 65, count in about seven calories.

While maximal heart rate, resting heart rate, and systolic blood pressure did not change, resting blood pressure was reduced significantly.

Your heart is provided with an auxiliary system to ease the load of pushing some 70,000 quarts of blood through your system every 24 hours, over 2,500 miles of circulatory pathways (a 190-pound man). The muscles in your feet, calves, thighs, buttocks, and shoulders give your heart a big assist, if they are exercised. As they work they rhythmically contract and relax, squeezing the veins and forcing blood along. It's nature's way of moving the blood to the heart and brain in spite of gravity. Exercise maximizes the efficiency of this auxiliary, heart-saving system.

To start any new program takes a certain push in order to overcome your inertia. Once you have done it a few times, it becomes a good habit, something you look forward to. If you dare to work, pick the one man made from the office and work. That's all it takes.



If it's motivation you need to get started on a good walking plan, then a new study by researchers in the Physiological Research Laboratory of Wake Forest University in North Carolina will certainly provide a. Their study showed that a program of walking can help your heart as much as more strenuous forms of exercise, such as jogging. Walking, too, is aerobic. The subjects were healthy but sedentary men, between the ages of 40 and 56. The exercise consisted of a brisk, one-mile walk, daily. Some in the group showed an increase in oxygen maximum capacity as high as 10%.

Remember, it is lack of oxygen which usually triggers a heart attack. If your heart is getting 28% more oxygen, then the risk of oxygen starvation is that much less.

Not only the heart benefited. So did the lungs. Pulmonary circulation increased by 15%.

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Every spring, for hundreds of years, the Newfoundlanders went profitably to sea in wooden whaling ships that were old and leaky, shipped by captains out for profit. They were masted by fur, lost on the ice and drowned in the cold sea and yet they returned to brew the Atlantic ice and storm year by year, leaving a legacy to their courage and comradeship in the folklore of the province. Out of their lives and collective memory came songs and stories of the great disasters suffered by their brothers and fathers. Disasters such as the loss of 73 men from the *Greenland* in 1598, the Newfoundland tragedy of 1914 in which 79 men were lost. This article is an excerpt from a book about the sealers with text by Farley Mowat and photography by David Blackwood, to be published soon by McClelland and Stewart Ltd. It is a novel history of the rise and fall of the seal fishery of Newfoundland, told through the stories of the men who lived through it, and seen through the magnificent eyes of David Blackwood, whose pictures look to the sea in search of "seals."

The wake of the great sealers

By Farley Mowat and David Blackwood



By Monday, March 29, 1914, all the ships, with one exception, had been into the ice for 10 days or more. Only the Newfoundland — the largest and most powerful of the wooden whalers — was still out of it, still jammed fast in heavy, rafted ice, about eight miles southeast of the main patch, where as the lighter whaling ice the rest of the ships were free to move about almost at will.

Captain Wes Keen's frustration and his fury at having put his ship in such a situation had mounted to an explosive pitch by Monday night. At dawn on Tuesday the visibility was exceptional and when he climbed to the barrel he could see several ships on the northern horizon. Although unable to talk to them by wireless, he was sure they must be in the seals. He swung his glasses to the nearest one, the *Stephano*, commanded by his father, and saw that her after-derrick was hoisted vertically. This was a signal agreed upon between father and son to show that the Old Man was working a good

patch of seals. The sight was too much for the young skipper. Only 23 years old, he had been made master of the Newfoundland four years earlier, largely because his father had guided him up with A.J. Harvey and Company, the ship's owners. In order to refute the charge of favoritism, he had to bring in a good load of fat each spring. Now the way things looked to him were impossible of all sorts. He showed a good chance of coming home almost dead. It was an intolerable prospect. Peering from the barrel into the beckoning northern waters, he made up his mind. If the Newfoundland could not reach the seals, her men would have to go to the seals on their own feet.

Shortly before 7 a.m. all four watches, totaling 179 men, were ordered over the Newfoundland's side under the leadership of 33-year-old George Taft, the vessel's second hand.

"It's a long haul and damned tough ice, George," Wes Keen told Taft, "but the seals is there in dozens, sure. Go straight for the *Stephano* and report to Father. He'll put you onto the patches and tell you what to do. Don't forget to keep you aboard in ship shape, and when the ice shuts off 150 men over and pick up the men and the seals you've pointed."

If Taft had doubts about the wisdom of the plan he gave no sign, but doubt he must have had, because at the age of 17 he had been one of the survivors of the great Greenland disaster of 1898. It had taken him months to recover physically from that experience and for years afterwards he had been plagued by frightful nightmares in which dead companions, frozen rigid, implored him to let them into his warm little house at Newtown.

The weather was extraordinarily fine that Tuesday morning — too fine, too warm, too calm by far, thought some of the men who had heard from the boats that the atmosphere was falling. "Twice a weather-broader, certainly!" one of them remembered, and many were aware of a vague sense of unease as the long black columns began snaking in way through the chaos of pressure ridges and rafted ice toward the tiny shape of the *Stephano*, huddled down to the north.

The going was even harder than Wes Keen had predicted. "I never saw worse ice in all my time," George Taft remembered. After three hours of exhausting travel the straggled column had only gone three miles from the Newfoundland. Those in the lead now came upon a scattered band of whiteouts, and all the men halted gratefully while these were subdued and solved. When the long line moved on again it was incomplete. Some 50 men had detached themselves from it and, in startling defiance of the ingrained habits of obedience and strict observance of "yellowbelly" and "command" from their companions, had stubbornly turned about and headed back for their own ship.

When they reached the Newfoundland they were met by an infuriated Captain Keen who as good as accused them of mutiny and threatened them with the loss of their shares in the voyage. Subdued, strangely silent, they remained on the ice until his rage had run its course, then, muttering something about "bad weather," they came quietly aboard and went below. Not one of them dared to tell Wes Keen the true reasons for their return.

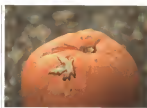
"'Twas a bright, sunny morning when we left the Newfoundland. They was no reason to see nothing as wasn't there. But some of us saw something as had no right to be on the ice or anywhere at all on God's mortal earth! We come round a high point and there it was — a flock of a man's kind to be, covered all over, fur and all, as a black hairy cat. It stood there, big as any bear, blocking our way. Go forward in the face of that? No, we see? Not for all the gold in her buried in the world!"

It took nearly five hours of exhausting struggle before the remaining 120 men from the Newfoundland reached the high steel sides of the *Stephano*. They had seen no more seals and a heavy haze had shrouded the sky. A few glimmering flakes of snow were already beginning to fall. / continued on page 14

We come back to school all tanned, the girls are summer more beautiful, as the sophomore the principal made a little speech, and we sang the national anthem. Within a week the vacation had dropped away. Once again Mr. Walker, the old wanderer and mathematics teacher, fired deadly chalk at the minicame, Mrs. Pook, on her scolding voice, spoke French. The Athletic School House reported for football, while the then, the fat, the scrawny and the clumsy studied algebra homework and played chess. Friday afternoon, there was a pep dance. We stood in long rows under the jewel-and-rose sign, boys at the south wall, girls at the north, chaperoned by geography teachers muffled in the choir, and watched dramas of remarkable recent orange and crimson regimens, smiling with our mouths closed to hold the metal braces. Outside the air was becoming colder. The lucky went slowly under the brown trees.

If you were 12, there was a big decision: whether or not to track or wear an ill-fitting Canada. It was difficult. Undoubtedly it was embarrassing. But the orange apples, brown gummy caramel in orange and black was wrapping, popcorn (the accessible) claspings of the wings who related five paths of popcorn into your shopping, bag, toffee, toffee, peppermint, any splinters of left-overs to put in your pocket and discover later. A cold February afternoon, teachers and farty and indecisibly good. My sister, who is seven, is a witch, my mother blacken one tooth, when calm under the eyes. Maybe I'll get along, just to make sure she's all right.

Peel away the skins and the soft green coating, drill a hole, and run a string through the chestnut. This is an original. Cooker, beautiful and indelible for battle against other cooks. Sharp outlines on the lower. Bob Bunting had a center with 47 kills in its credit. A whole of winter up your sleeve. Zip in the zip-on blings. Things get cleaned and put away with a handful of mud-balls for whatever season's social moths eat bathing suits in February.



REFLECTIONS FROM THE THIRD SEASON

Remembered evidence that autumn has its flowers too

layoff, and Don Stuefer's new cooker split a wide open on the first wing. Bunting buried the pieces in his mother's flower bed, but nothing ever came up.

Hanna the Drunk has switched from go-and-tome to Scotch. Hanna switches every May Day and every Labor Day, he points out that there are the two great annual events in his life, except for aggro at Christmas.

A whole of winter up your sleeve. Zip in the zip-on blings. Things get cleaned and put away with a handful of mud-balls for whatever season's social moths eat bathing suits in February.

Almost the last of the corn at the roadside stand on Highway 400, south of Toronto. Fat green soup-looking ears, bulging with military yellow rows

underneath, the full of the cornstalk against your hand. Perfect red round tomatoes in wooden baskets. Tasteless pumpkins. The women behind the cash register happy. They go to Florida in November, and stay right through till spring. Squash, with brown sugar and melted butter.

Hey! Everybody's making money! The new cars are in, the Hooters and the Strangers and the Brand New Destroyers with the Rumble Plates and the Dead Man's Stocker Revolver! Big Fall Sale! Back To School! New Winter Wardrobe! Snowmobiles! Clearance! Hey!

Old Man Cassidy was a town fanatic; he'd stand underneath his trees and watch the dead leaves as they came down. He'd scrape away at the clatters on the grass, gathering the leaves into a pile, and, just as

he turned away for a basket to put them in, the Evil Neighborhood Kids would sprint across the yard, kick twice through the pile, two long graceful explosive swipes, and off again down the block, to the sound of Old Man Cassidy cursing that and cursing that and starting again to scrape away at the grass.

Everybody is indoors at night, closer to each other. Affairs begin and end. The men buy tea and get bored. The women use a brush of makeup. People no longer put something on they don't.

One morning early there would actually be frost. The man at the hardware store would smile on his way to work, and bring out the store sharpeners.

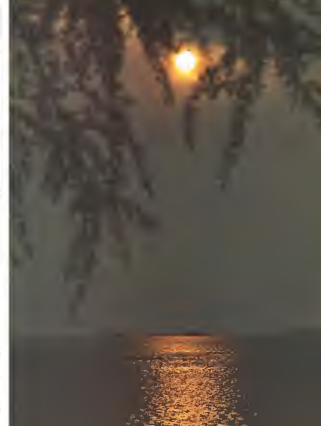
Well, says the beautiful lady, autumn leaves are different from summer leaves. They are more polite. They start taking new places in trees.

Green going south

Autumn ash, and a friend cracks up the screen is changing, winter is coming, and he is still in the same old place, same old life. Time to move, so be different, to make a start on the kind of man he thought he was going to be. Change paths, argue with friends, lose a lady, get drunk and stare down a long tunnel into old age. Move, change, beat the winter. Get to yourself before the snow falls.

The Red Sox are five games out of first place, in the home stretch, the Toronto Argonauts are six of it again, Leo The Leftwinger refuses to sign with the Montreal Canadiens for less than \$500,000, the magazine winter plays touch football (down and in, and see if you can get there without falling down this time).

A friend has a baby, we gather in the apartment to salute it. A little girl, eight pounds five ounces, pink against the pink blanket. My Fortune, a full child, a Love. A nurse friend tells the mother that full children are steady and affectionate, but subject to colds.





The days are increasingly short, and the colors of the season begin to darken, become complicated, bright pinks become mauve, pale orange becomes rust. Painters find the light evanescent and difficult to capture.

Cats' fur thickens.

The last swim of the year. The water was already briny, even in late afternoon the skin turned numb in a minute, and we knew that as soon as we came out we would turn instantly into ice and shatter over the beach. So we stayed in all the sun came down, moving slowly in the lake, conscious of feeling from the neck up, and then exploded into towels and clothes and blankets and made a fire and waited for the moon, a hazy moon that drove the birds, crazy, kung-fu like golden mancary over its reflection in the water. We made hamburgers, and kissed once or twice, and drove home very quietly.

My grandmother got things up, a process of stewed fruit and glass Mason jars and wax and sugar and fragrant steam from the kitchen. In the water pressure would arrive through the mist, with handwritten libels: PLACID PRESERVE, 1955. Cutting through the wax to taste the fall again.

If you don't get those storm windows up today I'm going to hire somebody to come in to do it. I swear I will.

I used to be, in innocent times, you could burn all the old leaves in one grand smoky hot conflagration, even the half-rotted wet ones that had lain for weeks at the bottom of the flower bed. On balconies half the backyards on the block would be in flame. The city smelled of smoke clear on downtown. The air was grey and dangerous to the eyes. This is no longer permitted in large cities. Instead the leaves decay and blacken inside green plastic bags in the suburbs.

Indian summer, and the hunter's moon. Things are so ripe they will be bad tomorrow. Eat them, now. Enjoy everything while you can.

— WILLIAM CAMERON

Here's looking at you, Joey

BY HARRY BRUCE

Joey was howl for a while last summer, and making. From the highway that crosses the Orange barriers you could see him out on his grass in the outcropping sunshine, raising his flag. The highway is beyond his big pond but, even at that distance, even hundreds of yards away at the spot where people park their cars just to look at his house, he was absolutely unmistakable.

A small, round-shouldered man with big glasses, a pink head, an enter's head, the head you've seen in political cartoons for a quarter century. He wore baggy, baggy slacks, a white sports shirt with short sleeves and black slippers and, because the flag holders were twisted, there was an air of profound concentration about him.

Nave, the holder was clear. First, the Union Jack. Up the pole. Then the Maple Leaf. Joey makes sure the sun never sets on either of them. Denisbaker had once needed Pearson about the two-day policy. He'd said, "One for show, and one for Joe." It was one of the few things Denisbaker ever said that Joey really liked. The flag do not sit any when Joey is overcast. They are an announcement to Newfoundland that he is home and, likely they're fewer rarely.

He resigned from politics on January 16, 1972. He likes to say, "I was laid off." Since then he's traveled 120,000 miles, seen 18 countries, and at his apartment near Clearwater, Florida, written a 600-page book (*I Chose Canada*, Macmillan of Canada, \$13.95). By mid-July he'd been home a total of only seven weeks in 18 months.

Now, he poses his massive living room, first played in his pocket, walking and talking and broadcasting his pride in his own fantastic energy. "I have virtually unlimited energy," he said and body, Mister Bruce. I am in wonderfully good shape. Wonderfully good. I'll be 73 on Christmas Eve, Mr.

Mr. Bruce. I know it's a failing of old men to assume they're as fit as they ever were but I'll tell you something. Mister Bruce: I don't consider myself to be an old man."

Nor does he consider himself to be politically important. His legendary coolness remains one of the wonders of Newfoundland life. Joey's appreciation of his own popularity is so strong he believes the greatest political mistake the Conservative government has made was to tolerate Joey efforts to benchmark his record. "I think I know the psychology of the Newfoundland people," Mister Bruce, and I think that after I was out they were afraid. They said, 'Jesus, Joey out? Out? Joey?' And if that was their mood, Mister Bruce, the last thing they wanted was to see me attacked, vilified, blackbanded. They were thinking, 'Leave the little bastard alone.'"

And now, of course, in Joey's opinion, anyway, the disavowment in Newfoundland is so deep you could carve your name in it, and he knows that he could take both the Liberal leadership, defeat the Conservatives, be the premier of Newfoundland all over again, and the urge to do exactly that has been almost unbearable.

You see, you can't be as politics for 25 years, you can't create a whole province without the blood of your blood and the bone of your bone and every instinct in you telling you to go out and fight and take it all back. You cannot do anything at all about the nagging passion of your provincialism in Newfoundland. You drive around the province and you see buildings, roads, docks, and you say, "Well, I put that there. And I put that there. And that I put it there, too."

So you see, Mister Bruce, with that feeling, I had to do some very hard thinking. I know I couldn't be half-as dead about it. I had to be in or Out. It had to be Yes or No. I couldn't go back without

throwing every ounce of my blood and bone into it. And I fiercely resent those attacks on me that would destroy my reputation and, Mister Bruce, the one answer, Mister Bruce, that would answer anything and everything would be to go back, to become the premier again, to go back with that great vindication from the people. That would be the great vindication, Mister Bruce.

"And you know what I decided, Mister Bruce? I decided that I didn't need that vindication. My decision was that I don't need that. I am vindicated already. I have my vindication."

His vindication is his certainty that he is beloved, the instant recognition that his sleek head inspires among Canadians as far away as Wedgates, as near to home as Angles.

For the time being, anyway. But he grieves, and he grieves deeply, to think that after he is gone a day might come on which no one will remember Joey. Who remembers David Lloyd George? Already, the memory of Winston Churchill is fading fast. What chance of immortal fame has Joey Smallwood? Joey remembers that Churchill said history would remember Churchill because Churchill would write it himself. That's Joey's answer, too. He'll write the great history of Newfoundland, a book away Newfoundlanders will have to read.

He'll write a book a year. He'll roll around the world, writing books till the day he dies. And the odds are that that day will not be soon. There's an appendix at the back of *I Chose Canada*. It's entitled *Why A Joey-Lived List*, and it's just a list of Smallwood's forebears who lived 80 years or more. There are 215 names in the list, and the champion is one of Joey's greatest-grandmothers. She lived 111 years. Looking at Joey, and hearing him, you know he has little doubt he'll beat that. ■



BY HARRY BRUCE



The Spanish passion of Norman Bethune

Bullets, blood and French champagne

BY RODERICK STEWART

Norman Bethune was born in Gravenhurst, Ontario, in 1890. He died at Wu Te Shan, in China, in 1939, from septicaemia. He had been working as a battlefield surgeon for the Chinese Communist forces before his death, and for a considerable time after it. Canadians largely considered Norman Bethune a saint. He was a qualified surgeon accredited to two Montreal hospitals, but he was also a Communist, and a passionate one. He died, and was forgotten in his own country. Until now. Canada and China are now on speaking terms. Canadian travellers in China have been surprised to find a Canadian doctor worshipped as a hero of the revolution. The Canadian government rehabilitated Bethune, in August 17, 1972. Norman Bethune was declared the External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp in Peking, and simultaneously by French Minister Jean-Luc Pajon in Gravenhurst to be a Canadian of "national historic significance."

Actually Bethune had been a man of national historic significance long before he went to China, during the Spanish Civil War. He found a way to transport blood to casualties at or near the front line, a technique that saved thousands of lives, then and later. Here, in Madrid's streets, is the story of that discovery and of Norman Bethune's life and experience in revolutionary Spain.

When the Civil War began, Bethune and members of the Montreal Group for the Society of the People's Health were making first arrangements for the granting of their residence in support of socialist medicine. Reports of the extensive massacres of both doctors and politicians came to Bethune at the same time as the news from Spain grew worse. In August, as his mood became bleaker, he openly expressed contempt for his own profession and the reactionary recent under General Franco.

Bethune decided to offer his services to the Red Cross. To his angry surprise he received a reply from the National

Committee which said, in part, "The Canadian Red Cross Society is not raising a Unit for Service in Spain and has not, I think, any intention whatever of doing so."

Shortly after learning of the Red Cross decision he read in the *New Communist*, the CCF weekly newspaper, an article outlining the formation of the Spanish Hospital and Medical Aid Committee. The Toronto-based organization was planning to send personnel and supplies to Madrid to establish a hospital there. Bethune immediately wrote the editor, Graham Spey, to offer his services and to announce that he would arrive in Toronto the following day to discuss the details. Spey was both delighted and alarmed. The Spanish Hospital and Medical Aid Committee was an inaugural occasion he had hoped would stir interest in the plight of the Republic and eventually become a reality. When Bethune arrived the following day, Spey confessed that there was no such an organization nor money to send him to Spain.

Bethune was dismayed for only a moment. He and Spey soon were talking enthusiastically of formally founding the Spanish Hospital and Medical Aid Committee. Spey promised to contact leading anti-fascists, among them A. A. McLeod, who had just returned from Spain. Their only next step was the return of a membership ticket a day later had given Spey for Bethune. The Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy (CASD), as the group was now called, began to take shape. They refused support from all sections of anti-fascist opinion.

After his first meeting with Spey, Bethune had little time to consider his future. Montreal had brought him moments of pleasure but it also had created him that he was out of step with his own profession. Although he had enjoyed the company of some Montrealers, his personal life was lonely. He was a political alien, deeply anti-fascist, and a member of the Communist Party of Canada. On October 34 he boarded a

ship at Quebec City armed with a quantity of medical supplies, American Express money orders and a letter of introduction to Frase Miquel Caballero. His last words before leaving were, "Whether or not Madrid falls before the attacking forces, I will complete my mission."

As the Empress of Britain carried Bethune across the North Atlantic, four columns of Nationalist troops were moving steadily toward Madrid, diving before them the retreating Republican forces. Intensive bombing of the capital began on the night of October 26, partly as a German experiment to discover the effects of modern aerial bombardment on a crowded civilian population. On November 7, as the Caballero government and most anti-fascist staff were leaving for Valencia, newspaper correspondents prepared their descriptions of the fall of Madrid. He badly expected that the workers would defend behind barricades to remove the gains of dead comrades in order to replace them in the line. The Loyalist troops were fired with an admirable zeal. Day after day, under bombing as intense as that the defenders seemed to be "breeding blood and breathing sparks," the Madridites survived the first aerial saturation attack. After nearly three weeks Franco revised his strategy and proposed a flanking movement to surround the city. Madrid was given a breathing spell.

Bethune arrived in Madrid on November 3 and took a room in the Gran Via Hotel, a popular location for many of the foreign correspondents and observers. Here he pleased to meet fellow Spaniards, a Montrealer who had agreed to represent the New Commonwealth and a Danish labor newspaper in Spain.

While he waited for Soriano on his second day in Madrid, Bethune was eyed suspiciously by a militiaman in a café. As he entered the hotel lobby he was stopped by the passing militiaman who began to talk. (continued on page 48)

exactly in Spanish. Belhene turned to a hotel clerk for help. After questioning the man, the clerk explained that because Belhene was well-dressed, wore a mustache and had used the word "Tercero" in the café, the police had had him convinced he was a spy. Belhene laughed and went up to his room. A man later he assumed the door to find five armed guards and a police inspector. He demanded his identification. After examining Belhene's mustache and a safe conduct issued by the Spanish Embassy in Paris, they left. Another knock at the door announced Heung Sooren. They exchanged greetings and Belhene handed Sooren a letter from Juan Chazco. Suddenly they were opened by the police inspector who looked into the room, grabbed the letter from Sooren and began to read it. The situation began with "Durante." The inspector's face reddened as he read an English word and again, he abruptly asked the confused and flustered that another Belhene nor Sooren were enemies of the Republic.

The incident was an unusual in the tense atmosphere prevailing during the months of Madrid. Both cohorts were everywhere and no one was above suspicion. Not was the ambivalence's concern unusual. Sooren's first impressions of Belhene was that he was "a very dapper looking fellow, very well dressed, happy but on his head and a little mischievous. He looked more like a police officer on leave than anything else." Belhene showed off his mustache immediately.

He decided to go to Valencia and try an ambulance for one of the hospitals. On the way he met together a series of thoughts that had been developing for several days. Sooren recalls: "We were sitting, facing each other and we put down this little folding wooden table between us. And Belhene was silent for a little while and he said, 'Heung, I think I've got an idea.' And then he started to tell me this idea of blood transfusions."

On his visit to the military hospitals he had noted the inadequate facilities for blood transfusions and he knew that Madrid had died because of the blood shortage. It was typical of Belhene that he saw the main problem quickly and found a solution. He also realized that a specific medical service would bring publicity to the Canadian Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. "When we were able to offer the government some definite proposal and concrete scheme our efforts would pay off... by the time I would simply go into a hospital as a surgeon and that would be the end of the Canadian Unit as a unit. Now I seemed better to travel in England and Scotland and establish ourselves as a definite entity. England has the 'English Hospital,' Scotland has the 'Scottish Ambulance.'"

Belhene was not a man to submerge himself anonymously in a hospital named after him. If there were an opportunity to achieve the extraordinary, he would seize it, even create it. Just as before he had preached the gospel of socialist medicine now he wanted to be in charge of a service that could save thousands of lives.

His basic idea was extremely simple: he would extract blood from donors, store it in refrigerators and deliver it to hospitals where and when it was needed. For this he required a specially constructed vehicle. Lacking the time to find exactly what he wanted, he bought a Ford station wagon with light wooden paneling which the Spanish doctors later found limited in value (the blood). Inside, custom-made boxes contained a small refrigerator, a circulating unit and an incubator, each of which operated on gasoline or kerosene. Other smaller pieces of equipment included vacuum bottles, blood flasks, direct blood transfusion sets, surgical instruments, blood serum, hormone (insulin) and gas masks—a total of 1,875 separate pieces.

To avoid paying duty on his car and medical supplies, Belhene wanted the

French Embassy to request a laissez-passer. When Embassy officials insisted that permission could be granted if the Canadian government would guarantee that he was a bona fide physician engaged in humanitarian work, Belhene turned to Vincent Massey, the Canadian High Commissioner in London. Massey telegraphed the Canadian Department of External Affairs for advice. The following report was handed to the Minister: "Dr. Belhene's medical mission to Madrid was despatched by the Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. This is understood to be a Communist organization, under the chairmanship of the Reverend Benjamin Spock. And it has been said that Tim Lusk is associated with it in some way."

The following day, Massey sent a second telegram stating that Sooren would accompany Belhene. In October, Sooren had introduced himself to the British Embassy in Madrid as the representative of Spay's Spanish Hospital and Medical Aid Committee. The British Foreign Office made inquiries at External Affairs, who in turn contacted Spay. Spay confirmed that Sooren was a journalist and that his committee, no longer in existence, had merged with the Spock Committee.

The connection of Sooren and Belhene with the suspect Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy was sufficient to implicate both. High Commissioner Massey received the following telegram from the Minister of External Affairs:

"While government has full sympathy with any efforts to relieve suffering in either side of present Spanish conflict, it would not be possible in view of what appears to be the political complexion of this mission as indicated by your second telegram and by other circumstances to sponsor it by making a formal request such as indicated."

After Massey refused his initial request, the determined Belhene pressed harder and finally obtained a letter of introduction from Lester B. Pearson, then a First Secretary in the Department of External Affairs attached to the High Commissioner's Office in London. The letter did not convince the French to issue a laissez-passer and Belhene was forced to pay a heavy duty.

Belhene, Sooren and Heung Sun arrived in Madrid on December 12 and found the Canadians established at a 15-room apartment just beneath the central offices of the *Socorro Rojo Internacional*. Located at 36 Príncipe de Vergara in north central Madrid, an upper middle-class area, the apartment was self-sufficient from Nationalist bombers, who preferred to terrorize the working-class section. Belhene and his staff spent the first four days arranging their equipment and forming a compact laboratory

continued on page 80

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year, who made a point of driving as near as possible to the front lines.

In the relative safety of Valencia, Bethune said, "I must get back to the front. It is the only place in this life and death war where the same gesture and if you were dead the picture is useful. The front is reality. There is no moral battlefield there. Every minute is benefited because it may be the last and so it is enjoyed to the full."

Beginning in early December 1936 with a small staff and little money, Bethune created in five months a service that

supplied blood to every military sector in Spain. He made no specific scientific discovery in the use of preserved blood. His contribution, greater than any discovery that he might have achieved in research, arose from his indomitable determination to bring the blood to the wounded near the front lines. There he recovered the dead before Bethune, but he never had carried it into action. The Spanish rewarded him by granting him the highest military mark held by any foreigner in the medical service — unquestionably his military medical contribution was the greatest in the Spanish

Civil War. Perhaps the most significant tribute to him is the fact that multiple blood-transfusion units like his own are named by the belligerents in World War II.

The Civil War provided the environment in which his outstanding needs could be satisfied. The act of creating the transfusion service could have "A man who carries service can be set up with special badges for devotion, man for such devotion." (It's a beautiful idea . . . and Casanova!)

In the early months of the war when the Republic was struggling for its existence and military life under siege, many of the military and administrative staff were operated at the top organizations such as the trade unions. Later the Republican government gradually extended its power to control all the national sectors functionally belonging to it. During the earlier period the Republic was able to operate as it always liked to — independently. He had jurisdiction for the entire front for the functions of the service was being raised in Canada by the Spanish Air Contingent. When the *Somali* Africa appeared a control committee of two Spanish doctors in 1937, to coordinate the Republic's activities, Bethune felt constrained and reacted strongly.

Bethune's reaction of indignity extended to his relationship with the Spanish. Communist ideologists developed when Bethune would drink too much and reveal his hostility toward any attempt to control him. He did not care about political correctness, and his outspoken comments about the faculty quarrels among the left-wing forces did not endear him to either side. In May, a Communist-Republican dispute contributed to the Republican defeat.

When Bethune reached Valencia, part of his spleen was directed against "the million of these anarchist boards that we will have to put up against the wall and shoot." Louis Burt described Bethune's behavior in Paris, which he wanted to be very medical supplies.

"He used to discuss the greatest pleasure from staying in the most expensive places and ordering champagne. He would go to places like the *Tout d'Argent* for dinner — and getting drunk. He would put all this together and derive great pleasure from the idea of the anguish it would cause when he delivered it."

On May 13, Bethune left "the center of gravity of the world." There was no champagne, no sense of exhilaration on the voyage. He traveled thousands in money, and he was filled with remorse. He said later, "I have killed my copy-book." He knew he had done great things in Spain, but he was better and more useful than his achievements were clouded in a humanitarian conflict.

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The first day was quickly coming to an end.

"Before we got to the Stephens' house clear enough there was dry weather on the go and they weren't a man of us expected to go back on ice that day. We was certain sure the Stephens would be our boardinghouse. While most of the crowd went below for a bag of tea and a bit of hard bread, George Taft went off to see Captain Abraham Keen and get his orders.

"The Stephens got under way again, and about 30 minutes later we was called back on deck. The snow was coming thicker, but the Old Man was up on the bridge waving his arms and bawling 'Newfoundland men, over the side!' Oh yes, I can hear him yet. 'Hurry up now, boys! Get out and get your souls!'

"We hardly knew what to think about it, but the most of us supposed we was just going for a little milk, handy to the ship, and would be back aboard soon enough. But we was hardly clear of her when the Stephens swung hard around, showed us his stern, and drove off full steam ahead to the north. Young Jobbie Buxton was along of me and there was a queer look on his face.

"That queer old country back for we Ship's gone for good! Those in heard him began to crowd around George

Taft. 'That's a lie now, isn't it, George?' some fellow asked.

"No, not now," says George very low. Captain Abraham's orders is for us to go and work a patch of miles now from here about a mile past the jets, and then strike out for our own ship. He says to be get men and make of his own to look out for."

"The snow was getting thicker by the minute, and any man who'd ever been on ice before knew what our chances was of finding the Newfoundland that night. Dele Ems Melroby piper up and says 'List! never do it, George. 'Twill be the Greenland all over again.' Then there was proper hell to pay. Some was calling on George to lead us back to the Stephens or down after the John Howler stuck his chin out and told Taft to stop wasting time and to start for the Newfoundland. 'God damn it, George. This is no weather to be killing water!' Tom John turned to us. 'Bye,' he says. 'The time for us to give up this and go for our own ship!'

"It comes near to blows, but there was no changing George's mind. He had his demands from the Old Man and he demanded if he'd lie in the face of them. So off we went to find them seals, and afore we knowed it, the stamp was as full blank!"



On Tuesday morning, March 31, one of the most terrible storms of the year swept in over the southeastern approaches to Newfoundland and overwhelmed the island. Within a few hours the city of St. John's lay paralyzed beneath a tremendous snowfall, buffeted by hurricane winds. Offshore, ocean-going freighters labored through towering seas seeking shelter or lay low-to, head to the pole, trying to ride it out.

During the afternoon the storm swept out over the northern sea and that vast plain became a featureless wilderness given over to whirling snow swirls that obliterated everything from view. The storm caught nearly 100 of Captain Abraham Keen's men far from their ship, for he and refused to believe the optimism of his senses or of the plunging barometer, and had stubbornly continued to pile up seal pelts as if there was nothing else in life of any import. His men were in luck: The Fortune appeared, as if by magic, close to the Stephens' men, and miraculously they scrambled aboard. But the storm also caught 126 of the Newfoundland's men on ice . . . and there was no luck left for them.

Adult in that raging chaos as ice that began to harass and shatter as the storm well lifted under it, they were at least seven miles from their own jammed and helpless ship. What was more ominous, nobody knew they were afloat. Aboard the Newfoundland, Captain Wm Keen ate a good hot supper and went to his bunk, content in the belief that his men were safe aboard the Stephens. On the Stephens, the Old Man was preoccupied with getting enough whistlers to make him higher later once again. If the game was thought to the Newfoundland's men, it was to assume they had reached their own ship. After all, that is where he had ordered them to go.

There was no way for anyone to discover the truth. Although all the other ships were fitted with wireless and could communicate with one another, the Newfoundland's wireless had been removed before the sailing by order of her masters. As one of their directors was to testify later, "It did not seem to keep it aboard." Harvey's did not feel that as president added to the profits from the seal fishery. They were wrong. In absence this going was to deprive the company of considerable profits.

"Twice terrible . . . terrible, my son! After the storm came on I never saw a better chance for a disaster . . . We started back for the Newfoundland 'bout one o'clock, in a gale of wind, with the snow so thick and wet it was enough to choke a man. We struck east and east looking for our outward track and found it, too, but 'twas too late by then. The ice was wheeling so bad the truck was all broke up and there was swatches of

continued on page 32



"Hello, I'm Derrick Schiff, and I'd like to tell you what I did with your money."

"I learned to walk."

When I was old enough to have a little "money" (allowing I still don't know what it is), I learned how to walk. I learned how to walk by the time I was two months old and I learned how to walk by the time I was two years old. I learned how to walk by the time I was two years old. I learned how to walk by the time I was two years old.

a half price. So, for Derrick and his parents with a great gift, we'll be sure to get you and your money. I learned how to walk by the time I was two years old. I learned how to walk by the time I was two years old. I learned how to walk by the time I was two years old.

rough and trouble with the rest. You help of Derrick Schiff with your contributions to your community. United Way and your help in helping others.

THE UNITED WAY: Thanks to you, it's working.



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You count on getting a bit more in a Pontiac. And those Wide-Track people have a talent for giving you even more than you counted on.

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The Advertising Standards Council is a division of the
Canadian Advertising Advisory Board. We work for better advertising.



At 5 p.m. on a Tuesday in May, 1992, my wife and I boarded the Bore II in Helsinki, Finland. An hour later this Finnish ship of 3,000 tons cast off. We were bound for Leningrad, and a two-day exploration of that historic city.

I can't say the atmosphere was electric with excitement; most of our 200 or so fellow passengers seemed more interested in getting a last look at Helsinki, or in settling themselves in their cabins, then in discussing what had led them to visit the Soviet Union. Later we found that despite our diverse origins — the passengers were predominantly from France and other Scandinavian countries, but there were a number of Germans, British, Dutch and North Americans — the common motivation was curiosity. It was enhanced by the fact that the trip was short, relatively cheap, and that no visa was required. This latter exception to a strict Soviet rule was possible only because we were to sleep on the ship and while in Leningrad were to be sheltered around on supervised tours.

The ship was a pleasant surprise. Twenty years old, it had just been completely renovated, and although our first-class cabins on the main deck were small it had a new bathroom, with shower, toilet and sink, and new furniture including double-decker bunks. The food was very good, with a strong Scandinavian bias, and the buffet style provided a wide freedom of choice as

Russia without a visa

Queues and culture shock

BY DOUGLAS H. FULLERTON

well as encouraging most of us to overeat. There was a good wine list, too.

Leningrad lies at the eastern tip of the Gulf of Finland, the trip took some 14 hours, and we awoke to find ourselves ascending down a narrow busy-marked channel almost a canal. Leningrad is built on the delta of the Neva River, and the trip into the passenger dock took several hours. The most surprising sight as we followed the narrow canal was the immense shipbuilding and repairing docks which stretch for miles — apparently half of Soviet shipping is built in Leningrad — and the number of ships of all registers moored along the docks. We knew something about Leningrad and its beautiful architecture, we had only been dimly aware of its industry and shipping.

We docked about 9 a.m. Officials

trooped on board, and the green-clad, helmeted soldiers (yes, with automatic rifles) took their posts at the end of the gangplanks. They remained there night and day throughout our stay, and I can't say that it is a sight to make a tourist relax. Our sense of unease subsided when, on leaving the ship and heading over our passport in exchange for a propiska (a numbered plastic card, the soldiers' eyes went slowly back and forth three and four times between our faces and the not-very-clear passport photo).

The clock was long, wide and open (good field of fire), but eventually we reached the office where the tour buses were waiting. After exchanging some money at 15.30 to the ruble, we were allowed a few minutes to buy pastries and stamps.

Each bus had a guide who spoke a variety of foreign languages, including English, and we set out on the first tour — a general go-round of the central area. Impressions flooded over us. Very wide streets and boulevards with little traffic except cabs and trucks of a style almost prewar by our standards. Architecture largely constructed according to few modern buildings of any kind visible throughout the entire town area. No buildings breaking the 100-foot height ceiling, except the occasional church, palace or fortress. Largest building of all was St. Isaac's cathedral with 26 tons of gold leaf on the dome. Most

buildings were painted in some pastel shade — mainly light blues and yellows. Crowds of pedestrians, mostly on the main street (the Nevski Prospekt) Surprisingly few bicycles. Much painting of bridges — but this, I think, Stalin was doing just days after his official visit, and this could have been almost pompous for the occasion.

The overwhelming impression, however, was one of architectural harmony and integrity. The city core is still much as it was laid out more than two centuries ago, with building heights equating the width of the street. We kept marveling ourselves, how did these Russians manage to do what so few of us westerners have been able to do, preserve an old and beautiful city almost intact? How did they do it, moreover, in the face of the tremendous damage and loss of life caused by Nazi bombing and shelling, and by the blockade of World War II? (Germany had been trying to capture Leningrad?) How did the Soviets avoid reflecting obscene new buildings on the old city, in spite of massive housing needs?

Since almost all of what is being preserved stems from czarist times, and since czars are being spent on rebuilding old churches, the paradox becomes more difficult to explain. One might conclude that the Russian sense of history and national pride overrode the dogmatism of the old regime and the church that has been Soviet policy since the Revolution. Yet the guide went out of her way to emphasize the role of recent Soviet architects in the restoration — and rarely if ever mentioned the original Russian, French and Italian architecture. Here we were, looking for historical and architectural facts and answers to our questions, and it was nice to hear a story that began around 1917. One beautiful and historic building was notable only because Lenin's brother had been incarcerated there for a few days or months!

The guide's more propaganda flowed on, in a rather irritating tone in an otherwise interesting tone. The church service, once ships, planes and skyscrapers in various bright colors, were particularly beautiful in the setting as well — and with the bright light on other buildings they stood out on the horizon. Among other outstanding buildings was the Hermitage museum, with one of the finest art collections in the world. We were lucky to have two hours in it — not two months' worth, not have been enough to begin to sample its delights.

A jewel of a city — but our experience was not restricted to the historic, the new skyscrapers and to historical buildings, nor were they all favorable. It was with some sense of cold shock that we saw women in tall and point-stirred cowbois doing the

hottest type of physical labor — road mending, pick-and-shovel work, street cleaning. Not that they weren't up to it — I've never seen as many solidly built women in my life. On another dimension was the similarity of the purple one way in the streets — like normal very narrow, very dull, and not at all easy. Queens everywhere — even for taxis, a kind of instant light beer or fermented grist, which was dispensed from casks perched around on two-wheeled carts. Buses seemed to maintain anywhere a new shipment of produce of any kind arrived.

Even the children had a solemn look, the graven of the Peterhof, the summer retreat — a very exotic and beautiful place — there are what are called "joking fountains" some a century or more old. Stepping on a certain stone would activate the spray, or it could be triggered from outside the fountain. And the kids tried to see who could drop the others — but there was little of the kidding and laughter that would accompany the same thing here.

The food? We had only the two Russian lunches, the rest of our meals being taken on the ship — thank God. Gastroscopy has never had pride of place in Russia, and what we were given ranged from poor to abominable. Mind you, it was a package deal — and we saw better food, including dairy, being served at other tables in the hotel restaurant. But service was poor.

In spite of the crazy things to see, it wasn't long before we began to chafe over the rather rigidly controlled tour system. We were seated with an awful rig to somewhere get off on our own, and so finally did manage two minor escapades. The first occurred when we missed the bus for the Opera House through a misunderstanding about the time. The ship's porter tried desperately to remember the mistake and with the others on guard, who at last adamantly refused us permission to leave the ship. However, they finally released me and walked down to the office at the end of the pier. Then we were told that no taxis were available, but were lucky to catch one that dropped off a passenger, so we shared his car and took our own.

It was quite an experience. With the wide streets and the absence of competing traffic, the driver wandered freely all over the road, and at maximum speed. We got to the theatre in time for the curtain and paid him off with one ruble — about a half or a third of what the corresponding price would be in Canada. The opera, *Shostakovich* proved to be a great disappointment. Although the about-normal were well staged, there was an interminable amount of Russian dialogue inserted, presumably supposed to be funny. It was certainly all over our heads, but we noted that the Russian ar-

chitect didn't find it very funny either.

The second most departure from the script came from my desire to see the Leningrad subway of which I had heard so much. The bus took us from lunch on the second day to one of the Hermitage shops, where various things not available elsewhere could be bought with hard currency. I slipped away and went down the subway at the main Nevski Prospekt station entrance. It is a very attractive subway indeed, and very deep in order to go under the canals and bridges of the Neva River, the escalator for taking us down was twice as long as any I had ever seen. The trains were quiet, the cars clean and comfortable, and it is altogether an attractive and well engineered operation. Here, the kopeks — about an cent in the official rate of exchange, or about four cents in terms of true purchasing power. I got back to the shore in time to catch the bus and found that, although there had been few beggars, my wife had been able to buy a beautiful silver fox hat at a price that certainly was very reasonable.

The trip back through the canal was a delight, not only did we get a good view of Leningrad and its famous low profile, but we could spot the various landmarks we had visited. Picture-taking continued. As twilight fell, we approached the fortified island of Kronshadt, which we had been told it was strictly forbidden to photograph. Nobody did, although I saw no evidence at all that anyone would intervene. Dinner proved to be the best meal of the trip. Some of us had the impression that the Finns were trying to make themselves in drawing a comparison between their food and that available in Leningrad.

Exchanging views with other passengers, most of us were surprised to find what a relief it was to depart, particularly from the soldiers on the deck. At the same time, most of us thought that we would go back to Leningrad again if given a chance. Maybe this ambivalence is simply a reflection of the difficulty we westerners always seem to have in trying to understand the great Russian enigma. ■

How to get there

For Leningrad trip on shore it apply to Sea Line Helicopters or through a travel agent. Cost including air food \$175 (first class down to \$85) (second class) passport but no visa required. For other than Russia go to a travel agency, apply for visa and pay to air carrier for transportation and for insurance package deal covering all costs in Russia including personal expenses (except travel shopping). On arrival do not comment more than say this service best shopping package. If payment is made in hard currency. One ruble costs \$1.25 (this exchange rate tends to overvalue the ruble).



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open water everywhere. The snow was so heavy a lay thick on the water and 'twas a job to tell it from good ice. Before dark six or seven of the men had full barrels and was fast. . . . Then no one to go on the men gathered round about on two or three of the biggest pans they could find, and they were some two big at that, and kept up shells out of clumps of ice. Then the snow changed to freezing rain, driving like shot 'til we was all drenched to the skin, but at least it wasn't too frosty. I prayed 'twould keep raining, for if the wind backed to north and brought the frost, I knowed we'd no chance at all. . . .

"I never saw a worse night at the front. I dare say there were few enough men to keep sound that night. The grinding and the roaring of the ice was enough to put the fear of the Lord into any man. We'd it went on dark a time or two, and I don't know the words to tell what it was like. It was all a roar could do to keep his feet, and the shell cut into you like scorching.

"In the morning it was still blowing a long, steady, and then it came on to snow again and the wind veered to southwest and brought the whole front with it. That killed them altogether! The

shells those poor fellows had built was straight — like a wall — and no good at all when the wind came round. There was no snow where they was, and they had nothing left to burn. Their clothes was grifted poor, for it was a warm morning when they left their ship, and the most of them left their stockings behind, counting to be about the Stephens for the night. For grub there was nothing but a bit of cornmeal or a pick of hard bread in the bottom of some fellows' mummy bags. A few had little bottles of Railway's Ready Relief — supposed to be a pain killer, but, if the truth was out, only flavored alcohol — good enough, but there wasn't more than a pinch for every man.

"Some is a good easy waker, they was meant for to lay down and take some rest. Believed they'd never wake again. That was pure foolhardiness — the worst kind! They spent the whole night on their feet, marching about like apes, running around, pounding each other to keep awake . . . and they beat themselves right out in the morning, when the frost took them. They were so close in they began to fall dead on their feet. Some froze to death standing up.

"About noon the snow let up and the sky cleared, but the wind was sharper

and fresher than ever and the ground drift was like a sled. If a man climbed to the top of a pinnacle he would be in clear air, with the sun shining on him, but on the ice he was sure dead with the drift. In boats at the stern, the few fellows at the bow were to climb the pinnacles could see some of the ships — the Florida way to the north, the Stephens under way, and trying to pick up men far off in the morning. About the bell, come straight for them, close at three or four miles. Six men set out to walk to her, but they all perished, and the Bell, not seeing them, turned and steamed away. That took the heart out of the men as was left, but it was out with a scolding bark.

"The devil of it was that not one of us on any of the other ships knew they was like. I tell you, when Harvey's took that wireless out the Newfoundland they killed those men better than bullets could have done.

"Before dark things was so desperate that George Taft, three of the master watches, and a few other fellows under took somehow to get across that bearing mass of broken ice and reach a ship. George had spied a glimpse of the Newfoundland from a pinnacle. She'd finally got close of the jam and started steaming toward the Stephens, started up, I suppose, to pick up her men as Wei Kuan thought was on his father's ship. When George saw her, she was jammed again, but a lot closer to the men than before. Those fellows pretty near got to her, though how they stood up to it the Lord knows. They was coming up toward her for help . . . but all hands aboard her was looking out to understand where the Stephens lay. And then she began out of the jam and headed away for the Stephens, and these fellows just had to watch her go. That killed them entirely. They crowded onto a bulk in a pile of clumps as tight as one down, freezing, littered and blowing a whole pile again.

"Back on the ice, two fellows where the most of the men still was, it was even worse. The stores them poor fellows at land though at land it had to tell was enough to freeze your blood."

"The weather was near zero and the snow blowing like a whirling dervish. The men could look up sometimes through the drift and see the men up there: down on the ice the men was dying, my first cousin, and my best chum, be lay down to die but I wouldn't let him do it. I punched him and beat him about and jumped on his feet. Don't how he got his feet, I suppose. I got them all broken up, jumping on them. 'Bye,' I said to him, 'don't you die out here! Don't you give in to them at home to you said out here on this ice!' But I had to go on looking him. I nearly killed that poor fellow to make him

continued on page 64

New Winchester Super-X, Upland, and high velocity Duck Load compression-formed, plastic shotgun shells as a case so strong they can be fired without the metal head.



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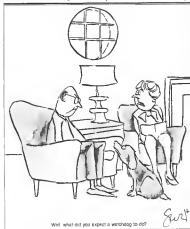
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Minolta



SEALERS: continued

live

"Some went crazy at the end of it, jelling and squalling and wandering off and never seen again. More died quiet, sitting or lying there, most likely from a cup of being home again. They saw strange things. One fellow come over to me and says 'Come in to the house now, me son. We'll have a scoff.' The woman's just cooking up a pot of soup. I never saw her before this. She was from about with the ice came on his face."

"Uncle Eric Melting, as he had been through the Greenland disaster, was an old fellow but he wouldn't give it up. His legs was from solid to the hips and he was crawling over the ice trying to keep close to us. He'd lost his mittens and his hands was from hard like claws. He crawled up to me and says 'Me hands is some cold, boys.' I went along his back on a bit and found his mittens, but I couldn't pull them on his hands, all crooked up like they was. So I sat down with me knife and put them on that way. 'That's good now,' he says and crawls off, his body was never found afterward."

"Freddie Hunt never had his cap, and his boots was gone right off his feet. He had only a poor jacket of cotton made from a flour bag, but he was some determined son to the West. One night he started to make the ice just off a dead man, but the corpse rolled over and says 'Don't ye do it, Freddie. I ain't dead yet!'"

"The worst thing I see was when I tried to get to another pit and I fell over a stump. Only it wasn't no stump—'Twas Kerkens Cove and his son, Ross together, and the old fellow's awnigan around the lad, and the lad's head braced under his father's jacket. . . I recall the draft came off about them and it seemed light as day and I looked around and 'Twas like being in a graveyard full of awful white statues. . . dead men all around."

At the crack of dawn on Thursday morning Captain Wes Kees climbed to the barrel on the Newfoundland's customs. The weather had moderated, the wind had dropped out and visibility was good. For some time he anxiously watched the Stephens, which was also jammed now but less than a mile distant to this east. He was looking for his shirt even who should have been leaving the big steel ship to return to their own vessel. As yet there was no sign of life ahead the Stephens so he swung his glasses to the west to see if there were any ash in sight. He was electrified to see in the pale half-light a small group of men staggering across the ice toward him and, with sudden pause, realized what their appearance meant. Kees was nearly fell from the shroud in his haste to quit the dock, and when he reached it he was close to hysteria.

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A half hour later George Tuft and three others were being helped aboard their ship by a motley party of horrified shipwreckers. These survivors of the lost party looked more like walking dead than living men. Tuft stood before his captain, wearing from side to side and barely able to mutter coherently through cracked and bleeding lips.

"This is all the same you got left, Capt'n. The rest of them is gone."

About the same time that Tuft returned his ship, the businessman of the Bellmore, which was straining about looking for lost party survivors, to the northwest saw what he took to be a small party of vessels belonging to some ship working the ice. As he watched, he noticed there was something wrong with them. "They looked right quite like they were drunk, crawling and falling about." He called his skipper, Captain Robert Randall, and in a few minutes the Bell was cruising through the pack toward them under forced draft. Two of the figures were much closer than the others and at 9 a.m. the window began to crackle. "Capt'n! SS Bellmore to Capt'n SS Stephen."

Now Newfoundland men in party had ships get aboard as that morning. Reported on ice since Tuesday and several men perished.

This report was picked up by almost every ship in the Bell and all those in the vicinity began to converge on the Bell. Soon hundreds of workers were sorting across the pack laden with provisions, food and men, awaiting for the lost party. By daylight the Bell, magnificently handled by Captain Randall, had found and taken aboard 35 survivors, all of them frightfully frostbitten and several of whom were thought to be beyond saving. The other ships had found none more—and this was all of the lost party ever to be found alive.

As dusk the Stephen, Bellmore and Fossil came together alongside the stricken Newfoundland. The death ship's roll was read and the appalling scope of the disaster was finally revealed. Then the dead, the dying and those who would survive, although mangled and disfigured for life, were all placed aboard the Bellmore and she prepared to leave the ice for home. It appeared that she would be the last ship back to St. John's that year, but for her there would be no others from the crowded quays, no fellow of partner from St. John's. Below decks she carried the relics of many thousands of point seals—a fortune for her owners. On deck, twisted and contorted into horrible postures, she carried the frozen bodies of 19 men who would go to the ice no more. Nine others of the lost party remained behind, buried in the darkness of the icy sea. ■



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table sugar, which needs to be digested, honey is pre-digested and contains no simple sugars basically — digestive for glucose as it is more often called and fructose (or fructose) which are identical as chemical composition, except that when viewed under a polarimeter, as a instrument for measuring polarized light, the dextrane bends the plane of a ray of polarized light to the right while the levulose turns it to the left. Honey enters the blood stream directly, within 20 minutes of ingestion. Dark honeys have a much higher mineral content than the light honeys — particularly heavier and

crystalline. There is as much to know and savor in honey (there are hundreds of distinct types — from lavender from France. Heather from Scotland or Hungary. Tupelo from Florida, Rosemary from Spain, among others) as there is in the world of wine connoisseurship.

Sugar is not only honey's primary substance, it is seriously implicated by recent research in the rise of heart disease, diabetes and blood and breast cancer (See Dr. John Yudkin's *Sweet And Dangerous*, 1972). Make it a new rule to cut back, if not eliminate, all forms of manufactured sugars. Limited rely on honey and fresh fruits for sweeteners and instant energy. Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine, advocated honey for long life as did Pythagoras and Democritus (who reached 109). Honey is one of nature's purest substances.

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Food supplements

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Dehydrated liver is liver that has been dried at a low heat to conserve all of its vitamins and minerals and then powdered for use as a food supplement. It has the same nutritional value as fresh liver (excepting Vitamin A), but less fat. One tablet equals 12 grams of high quality protein (I take two a day). Average national price is 100 for two dollars or 500 for \$5.95.

Leucithin is a natural constituent of every cell in the human body and aids in the metabolism of fat. Lecithin granules, capsules or oil, used as a supplementary food, may soften solidified cholesterol which has been deposited on the inner walls of the arteries and aid its removal. Adelle Davis, RN, has eaten a diet for many years that includes a high consumption of eggs (one to five a day) and fresh liver (both of which contain large amounts of cholesterol) yet maintains a low blood cholesterol count of 170, which she attributes to the use of leucithin. Lecithin oil (perhaps because it is so thick and sticky) is cheap: \$1.10 for a month's supply. The granules (which are usually tasteless) can be added to a wide range of foods, from gravies (where you will see the globules of fat disappear before your eyes) to puddings. They have a rising, costable price between \$3.90 and five dollars for a 16-ounce bag. The capsules cost two dollars for 100 and are recommended by the manufacturer for use as bedders for a sedative. Each brand oil has a coating of lecithin. Highly unstable protein it has been shown, have depleted lecithin supplements on page 80.

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plac. When added to their diet again, it has a calming effect.

Water is neither a nutrient nor a food, it is the vehicle for transmission of nutrients to the cells and for the elimination of waste products from the cells of the body as a whole. By volume, blood, as well as all other body tissues except bone, is largely water.

Soft water, either natural or processed, usually contains large amounts of sodium. Hard water contains inorganic mineral salts, often of calcium, magnesium or iron. People who live in hard water areas, or who are domestic or un-ported mineral water, tend to have a longer life span than those who use soft water. The most famous mineral water is Vichy and Perrier, imported from the natural springs in France. Perrier, in particular, has a diuretic taste and effectiveness, an excellent aid to digestion.

Wheat germ is a rich source of B vitamins, Vitamin E, protein, and iron. One-half cup of wheat germ contains 13 grams of protein. It also contains copper, magnesium, manganese, calcium and phosphorus. Wheat germ contains a vegetable oil, therefore it should be refrigerated at all times to prevent rancidity. Wheat germ oil is a supplemental food high in unsaturated fatty acids and one of the richest sources of vitamin E.

The price of both these supplements is skyrocketing. A 34-ounce jar of wheat germ oil increased from \$6.95 to \$9.50 during the first six months of 1979, and consequently will reach \$10 or so in the near future. Many athletes take a tablespoon of wheat germ oil before a workout (it has a delicious, "no-oil" taste) for sustained energy. Wheat germ flakes, a Swiss product consisting of toasted wheat germ with added malt and honey (price ranges from 75 cents to \$1.05 for a 16-ounce package) makes a wonderful addition to yogurt or cranberry granola breakfast cereals.

What's yogurt?

Yogurt is a food made by the fermentation of milk by specific bacteria. It is thick and malleable. It contains first-class protein, calcium and riboflavin. It also contains lactic acid, lactic acid (which yogurt and 200 million bacteria (*Lactobacillus bulgaricus*) to the cubic centimeter. Milk is 80% of yogurt is digested within one hour (compared to 30% in ordinary milk). The beneficial bacteria it contains displaces the more harmful types in the intestine (a regular eater of unacidified yogurt will notice a dramatic lightening in complexion of the cheeks, indicating an arrival in the person of *good bacteria*) and when reinforced daily the bacteria colonize the intestine and produce additional supplies of B vitamins.

If you are unable to buy house-style yogurt in your city, write or go to your nearest health store and purchase some yogurt culture. With such culture you can make yogurt for a whole month.

The easiest way to make yogurt is to heat one quart of milk until it is on the verge of boiling. Let it cool, covered, until it reaches a lukewarm skin temperature, then add three tablespoons of ready-made yogurt or, if you are making it for the first time, your package of yogurt culture. Pour this mixture into a wide-mouthed Thermos jar and let stand overnight, or into glass containers which are placed in a yogurt incubator (these range from \$15.95 to \$30.50 for two to three liter). When yogurt appears solid, refrigerate immediately to stop bacterial growth, otherwise yogurt will taste too tart and have a runny consistency. Save your three tablespoons from each batch for the next one, properly used, you can make fresh yogurt for months from the initial culture.



Health nuts

A "health nut" is anyone with the slightest interest in health. Anyone who wants to survive, or better still achieve optimum health, should be prepared for some ribbing, even hostility, from people who are set in their ways and who say they don't give a damn what their so-called "pleasures" cost them.

It is a pleasure to sit watching television for almost five hours a day (the estimated national average for Canadians) filling one's face with pussy goodness (you suck in the sugar and your pancreas has to work hard to produce the counteracting insulin, which may leave you with low blood sugar within 45 minutes), and fill hands of baked macadamia and cranberries, swirled down with beer! Small wonder so many television commercials are devoted to advertising headache cures, heartburn and stomach and premenstrual, cold medicines, laxa-

tives, to say nothing of 18-hour godlies. The sad main cause is our market. We're a nation of fat cats, fatty, pampered and ignorant.

The biggest struggle that any person will have in rediscovering their health is self against the social media they live and work in. Soberness, like mediocrity, prevents health. Like confidence in anything, it is a rarity.

Fitness clubs

At the Lloyd Person Fitness Institute (both in Don Mills and Mississauga, Ontario, are \$1.5 million establishments), which are in the world of fitness and exercise, the two and the Waldorf-Astoria are in the world of hotels, the locker rooms have wall-to-wall carpeting, the lounges are furnished with Clubby lounge leather chairs and color televisions, the men's wash and shower rooms are supplied with the shaving cream, lotions, shampoo of your choice free of charge, and the facilities include an indoor putting range, a weather-dependent tennis court, good restaurants, as well as the great amenities of whirlpool baths, ultra-dry saunas, temperature-controlled workout rooms, and crystalline swimming pool.

Annual membership (there's a waiting list) is \$365 for men and \$330 for women, price includes a thorough fitness test and individually designed exercise program, which takes about cost \$65 for nonmembers who wish to exercise elsewhere.

YMCA's are generally friendly, experimental and open to anyone. A "best buy" per dollar for the person seeking a regular place to work out. Membership prices are based on age, and range from \$30 for children to \$15 for seniors, up to \$155 for "the businessmen's club" (business and professional men who often have their own lock-out rooms facilities, away from the miffed). While most YMCAs and YWAs are open to all, a few are following the Fitness Institute's example of social facilities, allowing couples and families to attend together.

There are numerous chains of slenderizing salons and extreme gymnastics where a good deal of money is expended. Prices vary, they are always more expensive than the corresponding facilities at the Ys, but some people may find individual gyms, where the staff is friendly and helpful, where the location is considered ideal and where the membership is not over-crowded, justify the extra expense. Some of these establishments sign members to long-term contracts, which later become nuisances, if the member moves away or the firm goes bankrupt. ■

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berked into the telephone. "I'll tell you I've to tell didn't vote NDP in the last provincial election but I'm not about to leave the province just 'cause they won. That'd be the same as you're doing — quitting when you don't agree with management."

"Aahhah, Gary." Don Jean, the Winnipeg quarterback, and from a chair in Holman's office, looking as if he'd like to run the phone down just 'cause they threat "Gee 'em hell."

Joan, I recognized from the start, was a different kettle of fish from Thompson and Bailey. He's a veteran, 34 years old, a man who's been around, and with his experience and expertise, he's heard a personality that's direct, honest and assertive. He has a landlord's eye for a job, getting and aggressive, and his body — though, he's gained it, he's not exactly tall — indicates enormous strength.

Joan grew up in Seneca, Pennsylvania, a tough coal-mining country. He was a jagged running back at Penn State, and he spent half a dozen years on the Atlantic Coast and Continental pro leagues where he was a perennial all-star at quarterback. He moved to Canada in 1970, first with the Argos, then in '71 with Winnipeg where he blossomed

as a passer (27 TD passes in 1971) and as a leader (CFL's Schuler Award winner in the CFL's best player).

Of all Canadian quarterbacks, Joan seemed to me to have the most football smarts, a fact that became clear in conversation after we separated from Gary Holman's office. "Look Mr. Blank, you're damn lucky to get your money back" — so the empty trainer's room down the hall.

"It takes plenty of years to figure this game out," Joan explained. "Keying, for example. When I tell you I know where my receivers are going, but I don't know where the other team's linebackers are going. I have to find out. So I key on one of them. That means I send a man in motion, then I watch for a reaction in that particular linebacker or cornerback. I make the defense move, and other words, and then I know how to counter it. Sound simple? The hell. Not when you get 12 guys moving on both sides."

"Years ago, I used to make a whole lot of half of a game trying to work out how I could operate against the other team. Now we do that in advance by putting together a game plan. We look at film of the other team's defense and

we figure out ways to put our strength against their weakness. Below our speed on the other guys' slow spots. Like a receiver's hands."

Joan has a reputation as the country's premier drop-back passer, a man who can hold on to the pressure pocket of his blockers for the right moment to throw the ball while all around him mighty defense helmets are threatening to beat him into the ground.

About that Joan said. "Part of the secret is the two types of intent we have in our offense. One is the roll-back release where I start up my feet yards back of the line and my receivers break off their pass patterns at six or eight yards downfield. That annoys the defense because they're moving the ball on very short but very complex combinations. Second intent is where I sit up eight yards back and the receivers go over as deep. That means the defense can't be on me in time to stop me throwing, which also annoys hell out of them. The third is to alternate the two intent very, very often and keep the defense always off balance."

Joan figured his job this year boiled down to one essential task.

"Moving the ball. And I don't care how I do it. I can run it, I can throw it, and if we don't do it this year, people'll say it's because those guys" — meaning Mr. Blank's Horne and Thorpe — "are gone. I want to move so the team gets the confidence that, damn it, we can do it. Thing is, I got to be the leader out there."

Mystery about quarterbacks will hang unremoved. This business of being on the fly. Blank's said that some of the Dallas Cowboys, the team that has the most sophisticated talent-scouting apparatus in pro football, train their quarterbacks these days must be at least six-foot-two because a shorter man can't see enough of the defense than the great defensive linemen. And yet the quarterbacks I'd encountered — Thompson, Bailey, Joan — were comparatively short guys. How essential is height anyway?

And it is possible to posit: surely the quickest a quarterback must carry around with him? Jim Trimble, the long-time CFL coach and now a personnel executive with the New York Giants of the NFL, has listed A-10, meaning, nature intelligence, leadership, savvy and durability. These are the necessities. Trimble works instinctively, in seeing the CFL quarterbacks he observed during his assignments in Canada. Trimble places Ken Jackson, one of the Ottawa Rough Riders, as number one. Awarding a maximum of five points for each of the six essential qualities, Trimble gives Jackson 29 points out of 30, dropping him only on his size, and that's a high tribute for the last Canadian-born CFL

continued on page 76



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Who's smoking?

QUARTERBACKS continue

quartback. But the questions remain, are they exclusive and are they caught? I plored Dick Thorstein. He should know. Thorstein was a substitute quartback and an all-star defensive back for 12 years with Winnipeg and Toronto. He was cut from Argos this season, so football insiders say, only because he was too independent as his captain.

Thorstein and I got together at the bar of the Old Spaghetti Factory in Toronto. He was turned out to a dirty manner outfit featuring white leather knifere. He looked to me, around the eyes, rather menacing. He drank Tuborg, smoked cigarettes through an elegant holder, and he made his no-nonsense if you please plea from his spinning renegade. "What football is all about is bread, dope, getting your head and getting out in one piece."

That he disposed of the high master, "Crip. The NFL wants big quartbacks so they can stand up under the pounding they get as a long season. But in Canada you don't need to be tall to function as a good passer for the simple reason that the water field is given space the players out. That gives the quartback, no matter what size he is, time to look around and find whoever he wants."

Thorstein noted out one quality he says a quartback must have. "He's got to be one of the guys. He has to have the respect that'll make the other players work for him. You take Fran Wilkowski [of Edmonton Eskimos, formerly of Argos]—he'd come into the dressing room, a pet-bellied guy, with his mouth full of chewing tobacco, dressed like a Mandingo pants salesman. Looked ridiculous, but he had the respect of everybody, and they'd give 100% for Wilkie."

Once the respect is established, Thorstein said, a quartback can go as far as he wants. "You can do it with confidence. Does't mean what happens on the field, fumble, interception—Aston keeps coming back big as life. Ronnie Lancaster at Saskatchewan has the quietest release of any player. Thorstein is a top for versatility. He's the most all-around gifted athlete and he hasn't even come close to his potential yet. Bally's a good athlete, too, and he's got the edge on Thorstein in the department of picking out his secondary receivers when the primary receiver is covered. With his size, once he sees the primary guy covered, he takes off and runs."

Thorstein fired another cigarette into his holder. "Every CFL quartback has to be famous," he said "and every quartback is famous for a different reason."

Nobby Wilkowski, 47 years old and a Canadian citizen now, lives with his wife

and four children in Mississauga, Ontario, and makes a good living as a ethnic director at York University. I drove out to his house and met him: a man with fondly earned posture and hardly any grey in his hair. He has a splendidly deep voice, broadcast quality, and bright blue eyes, intense enough to start a hole in adversity.

We sat on his patio with a pot of tea, and Wilkowski, often looking away from me into the middle distance as if the past, 1953 Grey Cup and all, happened out there, talked football with intelligence and affection.

He had some enlightening things to say about today's quartbacks. "Sometimes they outback themselves. For example, when a particular pass pattern works a couple of times, they'll stay away from it because they think the defense'll be on guard against it. That's history. If a pass works, throw it right, 10 times." And, "The drop-back game has a cover the roll-out. Your drop-back guy can always set the whole field in front of him, but the roll-out, by the nature of his style, can himself down to the third of the field he's running towards."

But I found Wilkowski most appealing when he reminisced just a little.

About the fans' booing. "A quartback isn't paid to play up to the fans. Those were times, when I was quartbacking, when I'd find all my receivers covered and I'd deliberately throw the ball away so it wouldn't be intercepted. Well, those the fans'd see that they'd think I couldn't hit the end of a cow with a ball fiddle. But later they should think that that I should have a pass intercepted."

About the bombs he threw. "I didn't throw many long ones really. Uly Carris, who was the premier all-around running back I ever saw, used to work on them in practice with me. Then in a game when he figured a defensive back was set up for one, he'd tell me in the huddle or on the bench, and he'd throw it. Usually worked."

About his own talent. "Did you know that the current conference didn't visit keeping records up here until 1954? All those touchdown passes I threw in '51, '52 and '53 got in the records. In '52, I only had eight passes intercepted in about 400 throws. Not in the books. I regret that."

Argos? Well, Wilkowski has some about the robes and recognition that today's quartbacks take money and fame without it in his day.

"You should never upgrade anything," he said "But there's one thing—once a quartback or gets into a big salary, he should take his money, keep his mouth shut and perform like hell on the field."

Good old Nobby, still a quartback! I can relate to ■



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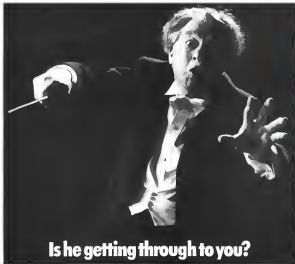
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"Ya gotta remember that Bigger's a very cheap town to operate," says a town councillor wiggling his finger. "Waste drainage is critical." Sewage flows abundant and there isn't a public amount, only a little burburb here and there."

Bigger really got going in 1912 when it had two large hotels, the immigration shed, a headquarters called the rum palace, a dance venue, a brick school and a lot of nerve. The fact that Bigger was miles from nowhere with a population of about 200 people perched on a dusty windblown plain of dubious economic value did not deter the town from growing. They purchased underwritten lots of land north of town, subdivided it into lots and named it "Boulders Heights."

A blazer was driven up showing winding drives (using a lake) and the town was advertised in the *Bigger Independent* as "The high-class residential section of Bigger." In reality, the high-class dainties was nothing more than a steady parade surrounding a tough. Some people were rumored to have made fortunes selling the phony lots, but in 1912 the mayor was arrested by the North West Mounted Police and the whole scheme collapsed. Any lot that was sold gradually reverted to the town for taxes. The municipal map still shows the Town of Bigger occupying a section and a half, two thirds being open prairie. Bigger is a working-class town. The railway station came from the shipyards and industrial slums of Europe and Great Britain. Some were skilled, some not, to the Grand Trunk it made little difference. The immigrants left their new houses on the prairie the way

they had been accustomed to living in the old country. Bigger is all squashed together, like Victorian houses built back-to-back with slatted verandas and knockdowns in the windows are check-boarded on 25-foot lots enclosed by wire and pocket fences. A cosmopolitan metropolis of painted shanties and plaster flowers. Bigger is so crowded and claustrophobic in it to population were two million instead of 2,000. Protected by the railway to the south and the highway to the north and west, Bigger is a walled city, a respectable, proletarian little town set inconspicuously in the middle of a wasteland wilderness.

Main Street runs downhill to the CNR station and rail yards past a number of aged gas stations, vacant lots and shanty houses. The salmon-pink Kingston Hall of Johnnie's Waxwax stands out like a sore thumb. Across the street and a little farther down, the Bigger Citizens' Clinic occupies an old Sweeney store. Most of Bigger's three-block business section is built of red brick which gives the town a substantial, established appearance but makes it seem older than its 65 years, perhaps because all the buildings are very shabby and run-down. Urban blight has overtaken Bigger before the town has had a chance to grow. The Bigger building in the three-story Gannon block, an imposing brick of steel building with a picket den in the basement, a color TV salesmen on the main floor and scores of pensioners widows living in the attic. A plaque on the new office next door says it was built by Louis L. Lussier in 1925 which makes it just about the newest building on

Main Street. The post office is also the busier place in town, next to the Captain Call across the street and the Eden Hotel beer parlor, at the end of Main Street facing the station.

The beer parlor of the Eden Hotel is always full, but it's jammed to the rafters on Saturday night. With its sophisticated bottle-neck and black decor, two skull-shaped tables and black and orange, the beer parlor is the most lavish establishment in Bigger. It's the hot-spot lounge, the townpeople say, cosmopolitan room for half the organizations in town, political headquarters for Bigger's most powerful families, the barkeepers who organize three all afternoon not primarily to drink but to argue. Most of all the railroads love to fight with the farmers, with whom they share a misanthropy of mutual loathing. Each group accuses the other of being stupid, lazy and idle. In the beer parlor they sit at separate tables and stare each other out. Things come to a head in the classrooms where the farm kids and the rail kids fight tooth and claw.

The "train" for a separate class in Bigger, a craft guild named by its own ritual jargon and mystique. "Back in the steam-engine days," says a yardmaster, "the railroad men, they'd stick together. They'd be for us and do everything else to keep us alive trouble. Sometimes they'd bend over backwards to get us into trouble! A lot of them lived the railroad. They still do."

"There was something about a steam locomotive that was almost human," recalls Lou Campbell with a tender smile. "They were alive, part of the establishment. You trusted them as one of your own family. They didn't have names, just numbers, but those numbers were as familiar as Tom or Harry or Ann. Just means a number and a picture of that locomotive would flash in front of your mind. When a collision occurred those numbers became fixed in your memory."

"At night the old steam engines would talk away to themselves even if no one was on them," says Tom Sutherland, who spent many winter nights alone in the station. "They was the only things that was alive besides rats. They'd make noise just like when you're asleep. Not all the same sounds either. There was a breaking to them. Booming."

Hand together by the mystique of service to the steam engine and the arcane romance of CNR timetables, the railroaders have formed by family clans. Bigger is which mystique are identified by special railroad nicknames. "My brother was known as Clinker Jim," says Ken Foster. "When a fire clanked, you know, he wasn't first it right. It was always clanked. There was a guy called Lord McKay and another we named Vasey Face McKay. A collaborator

(continued on page 67)

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Automata ended all that "Hell," says Ken Foster, "now you just climb on and away you go. What is there to do?" The world of *Bigger* trimmer is bounded on the west by Wainwright and on the east by Watrous. They never go any farther. Watrous is considered the better bar because the train has to climb through Saskatoon which provides a small break in the monotony. Everything is handled by computer, the crew mostly sits in the caboose playing



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Hall, the congregation shifts from church to church depending on the demands of the minister but seldom more than 50. Evangelistic pressure from the Witnesses has provoked the other members into an intense round of home visitations, prayer meetings, baptisms, solicitations, sermons, and selling services and kaffeehause to reduce the lapses and to prevent further defections. Each one has taken out his ground: the Church of God is rising on farms; the Catholics have a big youth group; the Witnesses count the Indians; and the Baptist minister, who tries to

convert anyone he meets on the street, accounts even the United Church minister with "Are you sure that you know God?" The United Church minister, former outsider S. A. "Curly" Doss, firmly stands coffee row every morning at the Canton Café. "I spend a lot of time with beautiful families," he says. He turns many people he has never met because, at the catholic church, Third Avenue got stuck with funerals of local subscribers whose relatives, out of desperation, deal with the God who asks the fiercest questions. With the exception of the Anglican

clergyman who is out in the Gothic world, the competition has resulted in a glut of groovy ministers, intense, hip young men with white teeth and bag smokes who are plugged into McLuhan and who talk reverently about "the media" as if it were the Holy Ghost. With an apocalyptic style and a firm conviction that theology is public relations, they try to dazzle the community with perceptive displays of relevance.

The United Church women, seated in a grim circle of pastel portraits and peony prints, look with a jaundiced eye at Curly Doss as he bounds into the church basement lugging his huge tape recorder. "For our prayer," he says, "I'd like to play this song." The women dutifully bow their heads and close their eyes. A loud, up-tempo rock song bursts from the machine. "Come sing about love," it wails, "chick-a-been, chick-a-been, chicks, chicks been been been been." The women sing Ethel or Ethel or Ethel. "We love to dance, love to dance, Oh yes!" blares the song. "Chick-a-been, chick-a-been, chicks, chicks been."

Prayer over, the women get down to business. The president reports five dollars in the bank. Surveying the earnings of the past year, the states that one member demonstrated candle making and another showed how to make a centerpiece out of used Christmas decorations. She urges the members to bring used clothing and stockings.

"Who is going to do the bidding for the house?" she demands. Bazaar business consumes more than an hour. The women are looking at their watches by the time Curly Doss is invited to give the lesson. He plays Simon and Garfunkel. The Sounds of Silence on the tape recorder and distributes intercaligraphed sheets with the words. He asks them to discuss the meaning of loneliness, isolation, darkness. Silence. The women stare blankly at the classic Dean Kamen McLuhan talks about communication and tries to get something going on the significance of the telephone. His words fall like pebbles into a pond. Silence. The women look at their watches. Upstairs the phone begins to ring. In desperation Doss tries to CAC.

"All that Ethel" cries one woman. "All that empty language. That's our tax money that's paying for it. They should get out of all that trash." The women mutter angrily.

"If you'll excuse me, I must leave," apologizes a middle-aged lady rising to her feet. "It's late for my bridge game!" she whispers to a friend as she goes out. The meeting is over.

The most radical organization in Regina is the IDDE which, in between collecting white elephants and handing vests for Eskimo children, sent off a telegram ordering the American consul-

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GRASS ROOTS continue

dear blast on Amchoka Island. The most popular group is the Mutual Benefit Society, a prepaid funeral plan. A lot of organizations have collapsed. Most have not progressed beyond the release of money and wondering how to spend it. "I wonder if we shouldn't be looking for a project," queries Lee Kim. "Every organization needs a project."

Money raising is a way of life in Bugar. The religious war is nearly a battle of luxury. Little card tables with white tablecloths are set up in the church basement and Brownies serve the cheese slices and pickles while their mothers peddle the home baking and where deacons from bog tables ranged against the wall. "Wow," said an Anglican lady at the end of a hard afternoon, "we made \$39!" Not a week gone by without a beer festival, turkey shoot, raffles, raffie or a nat scene. "God," groans a lady, "you get tired of people coming to your door."

Everybody in the best public square politics "Bugar," tells a misleader's wife, "is a CCF town." The home constituency of both M. J. Colwell and former Saskatchewan premier Woodrow Lloyd. Bugar has voted CCF passionately ever since the party was born. The local NDP association has 900 members. After enormous struggle and much prompting from head office they managed to produce five significant

results for the party's 1971 convention. "It's our second life," says Ben Brown, constituency secretary and centre of the hard core. "I never talk politics. I never 'politicize' if someone has a problem and wants to contact the MLA then I hear from them. We don't want emotions. We want grace and quiet and let's get on with progress."

"I don't think the old hard core are as radical as at the start of the CCF. We learned quite a bit over the years. At one point we were going to take over everything! We've learned that there are only common things you can negotiate. The rest has to be done on a free-enterprise basis. We like to feel that we're very flexible." The NDP is so flexible that all the farmers voted for the Liberals in 1984 because Ron Thatcher promised them purple gas.

The Depression turned Saskatchewan farmers into rabid critics, clever debaters and rabidly religious armed with a cynical but sophisticated analysis of the Canadian system. Bugar farmers devour vast quantities of political tracts and there are tedious meetings, interminably boring reciprocity and dearest debates over the most obscure and innocuous statements. With the obsession of medieval scholars they argue endlessly about the few points of agricultural legislation and delight in sailing down rivers on the heads of their

continued on page 82



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GRASS ROOTS continued

political estimate. Monoculture, corporate, biggie farmers are far to the right of the Liberals and far to the left of the NDP. "The Liberals," says one of them, "are the NDP in slow motion." "The NDP is just a great big bureaucracy," scoffs another. "The word comes down from Father and everybody jumps. The NDP is a conservative party."

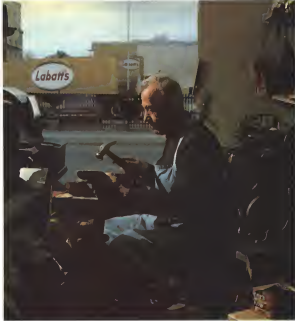
"I am a Waffle!" rumbles George Hindley, waving his gaunt old finger in the air. "For 50 years I've been hearing the same things — poverty, sickness, unemployment. It never changes, because the cause never changes. Radical socialism is the only answer. I don't mean Communism, but then that isn't so bad and if it comes to that, then okay!"

Looking with sardonic contempt on the stringency and compromises of the democratic process, they occupy a political no-man's-land where the crossfire of mutually conflicting interests is withering. "We believe in reality!" shouts one very large, beefy farmer. "We don't believe in feeling people. If I think something about you, I tell you. We speak out. I don't do things because society says I have to do it. I question everything. Call me an individual anarchist. Let's put it that way."

Many have dropped out of the National Farmers' Union, because they think it is too radical or not radical enough. The local president, Doug Potter, raised his hand snapping out harsh cries of assurance and colouring reddish feelings in the path. "A lot of these guys," he says, "they came from European countries where they didn't have anything. They came out here, got a piece of land and now they're going to hang on to that piece of land if they have to kick and scratch and stomp all over their neighbors."

"There's this old image of rural people as very peaceful, peace-loving individuals with a great love for the land, for animals and the growing of crops and love for their fellow men. Maybe that was true once, but that's all in the past. We don't get tough enough. I'm opposed to violence myself, but people will have to realize that not all of our farmers are this way. Already there have been things — tensions lingering with a few buzzings. This has happened before in other countries. When you take the land from the people, you have revolutions."

A fat farmer strikes a shock on his guitar and Doug Potter breaks into a melodious chorus of *A White Sports Coat And A Pink Gown*. The duo sing out, then whisper. "One of these nights, some of us are going to go out, we're just going to go out and — 'The fat farmer raises his bottle of beer. 'To the Revolution!' he grins. ■



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CANADA'S LESSON from page 29
was given a breathing space. At the time I wrote this, it seems impossible that Nixon will be able to return his office to the end of his term. But no matter what the short-term results of the Watergate may be, and no matter how encouraging it is to see such a sudden renaissance of American democracy. Nixon's successor, if not Nixon himself, will be faced with the same concern about Canada's water and energy. I still wonder how many Canadians yet understand why that continental sharing is so important to Washington, and why Washington's economic and energy planners have Canada so much on their minds.

Beneath all the propaganda and above her surrounding Nixon's defense "peace with honor" ending to the Vietnam war is a hard fact of inescapable historical importance: The United States is withdrawing from its imperialist adventures in the Far East and for Canada this means that we are now alone with our neighbor as we never have been before. Our neighbor is still the world's richest country and may even be still the strongest, though this latter is highly doubtful. But there is no doubt at all that her appetite for resources is more gargantuan

than ever and that her need for profitable investment has not abated. The evidence is now overwhelming that American leaders believe they can make Canada an offer she can't refuse. They are also likely to make it in terms most astutely calculated to exploit their long experience with Canadian diffidence and quiet nervous whenever negotiations between our two countries occur.

One of the most typical spokesmen on present Canadian-American relations is George Bell, whose career has been a fascinating one. He has been a U.S. ambassador to the United Nations and was an undersecretary of state during much of the Kennedy-Johnson years, in which time he visited Ottawa and hinted to our government that if it made any attempt to modify the almost total American monopoly over our petrodollar journalism such a move would be regarded in Washington as an act more hostile than shipping arms to Cuba. When our government promptly ellipsized and shelved the O'Leary Report, Mr. Bell must have drawn an obvious conclusion: Therefore, Canada will lose.

Bell is now a senior partner of Leblanc, continued on page 36



"Trapping a rhino looked like a cinch until someone handed me a lasso."



"A bull rhino is an animal that should wear a Go No! (Don't) sign. But we went out to look for him for his own good. By noon and returning him to the safety of Kenya's Tsavo National Park. The job, I think, and I discovered, was like playing tug-of-war with a tank.



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CANADA'S LISSON continued
 man brother, the famous New York investment banker and Canada is still on his mind "A wave of economic nationalism," he told a session of top U.S. executives" early in 1973. "In preventing Canada from taking a reasonable approach to trade negotiations with the United States... In a country like Canada, where foreign investments and capital have assumed a particularly large role in domestic life, there is concern — almost panic — that Americans are playing too dominant a role."

Elsewhere he said, "Canada, I have long believed, is fighting a rearguard action against the world. The great land mass to the north exerts an enormous gravitational attraction. " Might I paraphrase the comment that the even greater land mass to the north has now begun to exert a most alarming gravitational attraction on the overpopulated smaller land mass to the south?"

But let Mr. Bull continue. "Sooner or later, commercial imperatives will bring about a free movement of all goods back and forth across our long borders, and when that occurs or even before it does, it will become unmistakably clear that countries with economies so mutually interdependent must also have that movement of the other vital factors of production — capital, services and labor."

Mr. Bull's disclaimer, which he repeats in a variety of different contexts is this "I wonder if the Canadian people will be prepared adequately to accept for the psychic satisfaction of maintaining a separate national and political identity, a per capita income less than three-fourths of ours."

There, my friends is the bait — no doubt offered in complete sincerity — and it is the cause that England offered the Lowland Scotch after she lost the American colonies and had yet to consolidate her second empire in India, Asia and Africa. The Scotch swallowed it whole, and the long-term results of that wisdom should be remembered by Canadian voters and decision makers today. After a temporary prosperity, Scotland went into a long decline for a season painful to any Canadian to contemplate. The almost man left Scotland for southern England where the fields were greener, and that brain-drain was perhaps the greatest loss of all. How many Scotsmen gazed grudgingly in bringing outsiders because of the total economic and cultural status of the two countries? A mere head-fake. That is why so many emigrants, who speak of Scotland's land area is now almost empty.

It could be the same in Canada. Yes, I can see Toronto's Golden Mile glowing by a union with the U.S.A., but only providing the pain cost the major competing cost south of the border. If the production of automobiles can be

continued on page 98

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you want to say.
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CANADA'S LESSON continued
certainly is surely it must in view of dis-
semination of resources will Quebec
and Ontario be spared if Detroit and
other American cities are desperate for
customers? All the way down the line
you can see what will happen. Indeed
you can see a lot of it happening right
now — and not only here, but south of
the border as well.

Does the average citizen of the Deep
South, of upper New England, the Dako-
tas, Utah, New Mexico enjoy a stand-
ard of living equal to Mr. Bull's glowing
image? Of course not. But more impor-
tant is the question of cost-protection re-
sources, and the knowledge that we are
vulnerable for them, and the equally clear
knowledge that the present American
competition is to squander them for the
sake of an affluence that has already
made the United States one of the
world's most unhappy lands.

I could therefore pity that at last we
abandon our defence and build in
fury. If we cannot stand up for this
country now, not with hostility but with
dignity, and pull in our belts if we have
to, we will deserve our fate. We may
well go down in the end. We may even
have become so soft that many of us
want to go down.

Yet this I cannot believe of all of us
not after having crossed Canada once
again this past summer from coast to
coast, seen the waters over Labrador,
the great vast making Lac Simard as
blue as the mid-Atlantic, wandered
through the lush farmlands of Ontario's
Grand River Valley, looked down from
15,000 feet at the Red River delta ex-
tending itself still farther under the wa-
ters of Lake Winnipeg, stood beside the
Kootenay as it flows home into British
Columbia after its journey in the United
States and talked with a viceroy on the
top of Annapolis Mountain who pressed
and said, "he's a just guy!" He was
talking about the land of course and his
joy of happiness poses a question. The
land is certainly great, but will we? I
wonder he too could fit for it? ■



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Sunshine, syrup and a silicone scare

I've never shared that purpling rage that comes over militant Women's Liberationists at the mention of beauty contests. Agreed, the contestants are all confined to a degree, but the conservative statistic that says beauty pageants are anti-civilized while slave markets has always struck me as wild overstatement. I have yet to see a beauty contestant forced on stage whether the girls are there because of some dream of instant wealth or to satisfy some deeper psychological need, it's still their free choice. So let them get on with it, or off with it, for all I care.

There is, in part, explains why I agreed to be a judge at one of the advance competitions for the Miss Nude World Pageant 1973 (it's part of the established tradition now to try to have at least one woman judge at beauty contests). The other reason was that the competition was being held at the Toronto Men's Press Club and I wanted to be there to see the club make a spectacle of itself again.

The Toronto Men's Press Club is the only one of 18 professional journalists' clubs in Canada that still has made no move to allow women members. It does have lawyers, stockbrokers, policemen, a fireman and others but—except for so long that their occupations are lost to memory. But working newsmen can only come in as guests. Or, presumably, as Miss Nude World contestants.

The purpose of the show was blatantly commercial: the contestants all parade in front of us in a series of slick-tooled dresses that come packaged in something like a tea box and made over Miss Nude Stone (34-25-36) look like an old-world teenager from Vienna, Montebello. Our newspapers said we were to judge the contestants on such things as hips, breasts and legs, but those dresses could have concealed anything from a Twiggy to Sophia Loren without making a wrinkle. So the contestants came back again, first in bikinis and later in cowbird-skin corsetry. But by then it was too late. One judge (not me) was so drunk that he couldn't keep score (the measurements of one particularly shapely contestant came out on his card as 24-37-

36), another judge (still not me) stalked out in indignation. I'm not sure at what, many of the Press Club members whistled away and cheered themselves in their drinks at the sight of all that youthful public butt. And one member leaned from corner to corner of the club to escape one of the young Miss Nudes, herself slightly tipsy, who kept following him and whispering insistently in his ear that he was "her sweet Schmeisser." Clearly, after its long monotonies, the Press Club was not ready for women either liberated or unliberated.

The first Miss Nude World competition was held a few Sundays later in August at Fredrick, a tiny community near Hamilton, Ontario. I wasn't a judge for the finals but something, perhaps the hope of seeing another focus, drew me to be a spectator.

The pageant was at an established students' club, the Four Seasons Nature Resort, very big on the beauty of the human body and health through nudity. A lot of the regular members were there, appropriately naked and carrying their volleyball, to create a backdrop for the Miss Nude World contestants.

I was a jinx and a sweeter, feeling badly out of place and watching by now that I hadn't come. I retreated to the hot dog stand. The man in front of me ordered and overloaded his hot dog with mustard. He bit, the mustard gushed out, down his chest, over his stomach, and played Chalk up another advantage for clothes. At least the Bucks stop somewhere.

We waited for the contest to begin; the audience sat up their volleyball nets and broke open picnic hampers. I got hot and I got sick. But the organizers had thought of that possibility, too. I was directed to a mobile clinic on the grounds. I swung open the door and was greeted by a tall, handsome man, completely naked. I hesitated but he reassured me that he really was a doctor and thus wiped out my remaining doubts by handing me three Aspirins and asking me for my medical insurance number.

When the competition finally started, it became clear that the Nude World has considerably narrowed boundaries than the one in geography books. Of the 32 contestants, 11 were from Ontario, eight from Quebec, one from Saskatchewan and 12 from the United States. The world beyond North America was represented by Olga Margaret Sigmond, a six-foot, cowbird blonde giving us a Viking-sage measurement of 30-36-38. Her

Maggie Siggins is a Toronto television reporter and free-lance writer.



One Miss Nude was big police the last her job, naturism was found in Toronto but she admitted when I talked to her that she lived in Hamilton.

The 15 judges, all male, most of them radio disc jockeys and all of them fully clothed, interviewed each contestant for three minutes to get her a personality rating.

"Does your mother know you're here?" one asked. This to a girl who had wooed her apples and tornared her public hair into the shape of a heart for the competition.

"Tell me, my dear, in 30 seconds, what you think of Watergate?" another judge asked. Goodness silence.

But most of the questions were directed at finding out whether the contestants had undergone cosmetic surgery. At last year's competition, one particularly prominent contestant was fined to have had silicone injections and there was a lot of angry talk about her giving the pageant a bad name. This judge's other concern was to weed out the pseudo-outfits. They allowed this by a minute scrutiny of each contestant for tell-tale bikini marks showing through the tan.

Bonnie Horley of Fredrick had been a model for two weeks and Dolly Summers of Toronto for three days. Both were eliminated in the preliminaries. A credited waitress friend of Dolly's was furious. "They encouraged us to take off our clothes so everyone could stare but they didn't sell us that's the way we'd make the semifinals. It's a Goddam rip-off!"

That, undoubtedly was. Miss and Lisa Stone, owners of the Four Seasons Nature Resort, want to build an outdoor swimming pool, a

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new lounge and a motel. They charged five dollars admission to the pagoda and estimated that more than 6,000 people came. A Saturday night dance and bar added another \$4,000 to the weekend take.

Photo coverage was controlled by the Toronto Sun newspaper syndicate, which offered to sell customers "a conservative or risqué a layout as you desire." A Sun syndicate man said a member of men's magazines in the United States "can hardly wait to get their hands on this stuff." An army of local bouncers was hired to prevent anyone else taking pictures. One skinny, elderly nudist, not knowing the rules, brought out his trousers and was pounced on by a huge, bearded tough with "Bull Shirt" lettered on his T-shirt. The nudist's film was confiscated and stomped on.

After 10 separate promotions, by which one much of the audience had left and those remaining were yawning openly, the Mus Nuds World site went to Dee Dee Nole (26-24-35), 18, who had lost her job as a clerk-typist for a San Bernardino, California, parts company because she carried the contour like she didn't care. She won \$8,000 in prizes (only \$1,000 in cash, the rest in sculptures, a trip to Florida and the Bahamas, an oil painting of herself and several other prizes) and maybe, she said, the prize will start her on her way to becoming a movie star.

And, of course, she'll get a chance to explain a guide to the world.

LESLIE / JOHN REAL

A look back with fondness on a tranquil land

As an American who had lived 39 years in Canada, I was overcome with a wave of nostalgia three years ago. Canada had acted to acquire effective control of Texaco's Inc., the American company which hit a rich niche field near Timmins, Ontario, while I was still a resident of Ottawa.

Why, I wondered, did I have this emotional pull for Canada three years after I had become repatriated? Why should I refuse an empathy for Canada's desire to "buy the country back" when I had domestic spectacles like Watergate to wallow in? My conclusion was that despite the misapprehension of the two landscapes

through the spread of such uniform landmarks as filling stations, fried chicken dispensaries, and franchised motel chains, life in Canada still lacks the frenetic quality of life in the United States.

The spot I chose for retirement could, I know, be duplicated far apace and serenely within easy reach of Ottawa, but as long as I felt it appropriate to go back to the "old country" for my penultimate year, I found surroundings that provided a reasonable facsimile. My house sits on a couple of partly declining acres on a hillside in the Peconic Mountains of Eastern Pennsylvania. 385 spectacular miles from the house I used to occupy in Rockville Park. My picture windows look out across a broad valley to Blue Mountain, the start of a chain that runs south as far as Georgia. In the valley is Cherry Creek, and beyond it a little white house country church whose tower catches the morning sun. In the evening, when mist rises in the valley, the landscape takes on the quality of an ancient Chinese scroll.

Although it is only five miles to limited-access, four-lane divided highways on which a constant stream of fast-moving traffic speeds east and west or north and south, Cherry Valley is deaf to their roar, secluded without being isolated.

How can it be, I kept wondering, that a feeling of tension, of nervous decay, could penetrate such beautiful surroundings? On reflection, the answer seemed simple. Television. When the seasons start come to replace my usual life and that by evening it is five feet I could receive the Philadelphia station as well as those in New York. Intrigued by the thought of having 13 channels available after evening on three in Ottawa, one of them French, I told him to go ahead.

In Ottawa I had granted mildly when CBC radio expanded its all-clocks broadcast to 10 stations. Here I was appalled to discover that the principal New York TV station used no less than 90 minutes for newscasts at that hour, 60 minutes of New York City news, followed by 30 minutes of "national" news, some of it repeating items conveyed during the previous hour. The Philadelphia station I watched was only a little more restrained—two 30-minute news shows, one after the other.

I suspect that a dinner attributed to Karl Marx might be updated in 1973: TV newscasts are the opiate of

John Robinson Cook, new retired, is a former long-line Ottawa barbershop of Time magazine.



Tenure in Canada and coming off 'Watergate'.

the masses. There is an addictive, hypnotic quality to them, and the drug itself has been cut to an extraordinary level of impurity by commercialism. One gets the impression that Madison Avenue spends all its time inventing new afflictions that new medicines or devices are needed to cure. But the best relief from this pressure, I have discovered, is tuning in the ten o'clock radio newscasts from CBC in Montreal or Toronto. No commercials, instead of wall-to-wall in Watergate, compounded by charges against the Vice-President, one can hear Queen Elizabeth dedicate the Lester B. Pearson Building which now houses the Department of External Affairs. Instead of learning that in 24 hours New York has had four killings, 10 kidnappings, five assorted rapes and the like ("that's about average," the newscaster teases in parenthetically), one can wallow in scandal from Britain, Colombia, where a cabinet minister has been dismissed for drinking not wisely but too well and for being found in the company of a blonde or someone. That's relaxation, brother.

SPORTS / DON NEWMAN

Tennis is a game you serve

Once are the days when the only tennis courts in town were spread behind the church and rich and wealthy, partly people played "just for fun" with serious good humor and simple grace. Today's tennis player is someone who wants up out of the money single around five in the afternoon. He uses the tennis court to turn the

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The tennis wall became a personal hall bath.

brief moments of the day into outward expressions of competitive man when the day has no more room for failures you play to win at all costs. You won't find anything "jazzed" about the sport these days.

I wrote better until 1971, the year I shifted to be the prize play in a *Richmond's* tournament. My wife was already a tennis cockoon, looking unnaturally healthy, and I was just her opposite: 210 soft pounds and gunning, with my heartbeat a frantic 110 per minute at rest. But the day after that tournament I landed in a sports store and bought the very best in rackets and tennis shoes. Bitten to the quick. And next I was seeking around for a suitable wall to practice on. I finally found one between a food smelting rubber factory and a fire station. During the day it's a parking lot; after five, it became my personal hall bath.

I practiced on that wall three hours a day for four months. My thumb bone so deformed that my right hand was unusable; the blisters on my feet swelled and split so many times my socks often had to be soaked off. When I crawled home, my wife would question my stinky and I would give detailed arguments about how it had taken her five years to become a good "B" player and that at 44, I didn't feel I could afford to wait that long.

So I tried to pick that five years into one. In my hour I could hit a flatty new tennis ball with something back and lifeline. At night I was so sore I couldn't sleep, and when friends asked me how it was coming I'd admit that it was tough, but soon, very soon, it'd be good enough to show up on a real court.

It was all a matter of first-maintenance the hardenness. Used. I had

them down just I didn't feel "quashed" onto to take lessons. I bought every book available on the subject, from Red Lover's *Mow To Play Winning Tennis* to Bill Tilden's *How To Play Tennis*. Though Lover's forearms in nearly as big as your thigh, so I'd lounge about the living room at night with a wretched racket, three pounds of lead strapped to the frame, holding my arm steady.

The thought of spending six months locked up in a smelly, almost destroyed me. I was assured that by spring I might lose what new skills I'd developed. Fortunately, my wife, Patrice, and some of her girl friends came up with a proposal that saved me. If I could somehow find an indoor court for the winter, they would suffer my lack of ability and allow me to practice with them. My tennis obsession had so severely cut into my working that the expense of a regular indoor court was out of the question, so I scrounged an empty warehouse, put down tape and taped a net. The surface was as slippery as ice and the lighting grim at best. When a ball popped up, it meant a 30-yard run to retrieve it. But the girls had patience, and together we lasted through the long winter.

Cause spring I was the first one out. Drained for 32 degrees and all alone, I'd be back on my wall and finished 200 practice serves by 9 a.m. Once the weather had warmed and the courts dried, I even ventured to practice openly at a public court. Occasionally one of them would ask if I'd come to "hit a day," and for 15 minutes he'd volantly run down my wall shots before receiving himself and sending me back to my wall.

But in time my shots came under control. I joined a tennis club, where the tennis whites glowed and the cliques were well defined. By now I was playing six or seven hours a day; the shots were beginning to groove, and I began to sign up club members as possible winners. That season of the "best" came to me in his. The Rick Fennell, the current group, and it happened again, more recently, when Woody Herman loaned the name on his young orchestra and let them stretch out a little and explore some of the more modern sounds.

So it was back to the wall. By the end of the summer I had not played one singles game, even though I was getting pretty good at rallies. My wife, who understands these things, would say, "Those who can rally can't play, and those who can play can't rally, and tennis is for players."

Winter of '73, I was disappointed. I'd all but given up work for tennis.

Don Newlands is a Toronto broadcaster and photographer.

my stomach had dropped to a trickle, and I was still too afraid to play grass. My heartbeat, however, was a calm 58 and my weight was down to 175. My right hand and feet had turned into leather. I knew I was addicted, but took solace in knowing that some of the Vancouver who sleep under newspapers on park benches and play from tennis to tennis all year round. They had something to worry about: I didn't yet.

Long after the first snow had fallen, I was still hitting the backboard at the nearby courts, and I ran into another net with a tennis racket in late December. "Want to hit some?" he asked. I had waited over a year to hear that, so I played until sunset that day and we kept it up throughout the winter. Silent, tough and saddest John — I don't even know his last name — helped me shoo the courts and still away the rent. For five hours every day we played, stopping only when the sweat froze on our heads.

By this summer I was hitting well. I knew how to play as well as rally. People began to take notice; they asked me for games, and I was more and less some. But even though I didn't hear everyone I had at least better tennis. And that is all that mattered from the start. Perhaps now I can ease back into some present realities like, say, paying the rent. . .

MUSIC / ROLAND SELBY

The bigger they are, the harder they blow

Every few years some oracle or other proclaims, "The Big Bands are coming back." It happened in 1961 when Gerry Mulligan formed his Concert Band, and it happened when the Rick Fennell band formed. It happened again, and it happened again, more recently, when Woody Herman loaned the name on his young orchestra and let them stretch out a little and explore some of the more modern sounds.

Let's encourage the claim. Dee Ellis is a fortyish jazz trumpeter whose style was whetted on such eastern shores as the George Russell Sextet and whose rhythmic insight was honed on the teaching of Earl Hines, a double bassist who is, according to Ellis, so sensitive to rhythm that he is aggravated by the in-



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Tommy Cameron, the "White elephant man."

shows out of patriotic pride, a fate that overtook several politicians who, moved by the common expense and the necessity for international sales, boosted the dreamed John on the grounds that if it was Canadian, by gosh, it had to be good. This kind of ingenuite promotes only whatever is false and second-rate and turns Canada up into an exercise in political diarrhea. It looks like we'll be seeing a lot of it on television.

This has been the same manner on the CBC. Never have I seen so many smiling faces nodding and laughing, or watched so many frightened fiddlers furiously fiddling, or listened to so much hearty hand clapping and foot stamping. Yahoo! as they say on these shows. All of the folk shows were regional — *All Around the Circle* was from New Brunswick, *Country from Nova Scotia* and *It's a Wonderful World from Vancouver* — and I'm sure they were meant to represent genuine Canadian folk music, although most of it was Irish or Scottish, but that, of course, is the Canadian dilemma.

The most blatant sign to chauvinist sentiment was thrown by *It's a Wonderful World*, which included a salute to the provinces — a few seconds of chamber of commerce film, some ethnic dances and a couple of corny songs — in a satirical melody of folk ballads and Walt Disney devices (can you believe Felicia singing *BillieJean*?). sung by Tommy Cameron, Tommy Maclean and Sweet Magic, the most vocal group of singing shrikes ever to appear on television. I feel like Tim Tebow out of grade school, unsure, unsure, unsure. Tommy Cameron, "sweet little gingerbread man," which says all that's necessary about Cameron and about *It's a Wonderful World*.

The best of the folk shows was Newfoundland's *All Around the Circle* (July 15-September 9), a simple but fast and joyous half-hour of rousing sea shanties performed by some folk characters with exceptional voices and a good Newfoundland, a trivial down-home song that Don Murray's John Lee sang was *Caroline* (Kaylene, Carlie

for rousing time) was worth it for the sake of John Allan Cameron, the little Cape Breton folk singer who is the most endearing and promising TV performer to surface in years. Singing what he calls "Cape Breton soul," Cameron is as plain and straightforward as an ox cart, free from the afflictions and mannerisms which make Tommy Cameron and Tommy Maclean so irritating. *Circle* and *All Around the Circle* utilized down all those traits that make sophisticated Toronto producers point their fingers and jaw — grungy sets, poor sound, mazes, deadpan fiddlers, church instrumental gone awry, performers, ignorant audiences and those dancing schoolgirls who perform with the enthusiasm of carved figures in a clock — yet it is precisely this touching awkwardness, this rough-edged simplicity that gave these shows their popular appeal, an authenticity which is the essence of good Canadian television. This is why shy, ugly Tommy Cameron is a star, and Tommy Maclean is not, and why a lonely, shuffling show like *All Around the Circle* can be fun, and the dumb, synthethic *It's a Wonderful World*, a bore.

I am not convinced that celebrating our ethnic heritage gets us very far toward a vital and autonomous Canadian culture. I am a third-generation Canadian. I married a Montserrat. I did not, thank God, learn to play the bagpipes. The Canadian mosaic is looking flat. As if in recognition the CBC is following its summer folklorists with a public affairs series called *Up Canada* (Tuesday, 10 p.m., starting October 12), a title which is either chauvinist or obscure. Some people say that we will have to work our way through the ethnic scholastic, past the folk dances and the legends for the odd soul, the crowing and chaotic thumping and hymns to the wilderness, which make so much occasional literature read like a Moral Re-Armament pamphlet, before we arrive at a real sense of who we are. I don't know if I can stand it.

THIS MONTH'S TV SHOWS

- Watch The Wellness (CBC) — Sunday, 7:30 p.m.**
- Watch For Up Canada! (CBC) — Tuesday, 10 p.m., starting Oct. 12**
- Some Homebrew Members (CBC) — Tuesday, 10:30 p.m., starting in October**
- Jalisco And Friends (CBC) — Monday to Friday, 2 p.m., starting Sept. 27**
- How's Mikes's Hockey School (CBC) — Wednesday, 7:30 p.m., starting Sept. 28**

LOOPHOLES / JAMES CLARE

Fred, a chartered accountant who makes more than \$75,000 a year, pulled his Charlie into a roadside tavern one hot afternoon and found himself sitting across from Charlie, a poor farmer who has never made enough to warrant paying income taxes. But they got on well, and eventually the subject of the planned increase in the federal family allowances came up.

"Sure will be nice," said Charlie. "My kids used to be worth on the average seven bucks each. Now they're going up to \$19 a month each. Some as yours, they'll spend some of the govy award a little."

"That may be the way you see it, Charlie," countered Fred, "but it isn't necessarily the way it is. Your kids are worth \$20 a month, that's \$240 a year. But mine are worth \$75 a year, that's \$900 each more than yours."

"Come again, Fred. The papers said \$20, no more, no less."

"Not quite. You don't pay taxes so yours will be worth the \$240. I pay taxes on my \$240, so I'll only end up with \$92 from the family allowance. But, and here's the kicker, I'll get to claim my kids as a \$300 deduction at income tax time. And in my bracket each deduction will save me \$184 in taxes. So that \$184 plus the \$92 will make my kids worth \$276 each."

"Fancy. Mine Lorraine called the new scheme something like 'income redistribution' and I took that to mean 'thieves'..."

"You don't hear me complaining, do you, Charlie?"

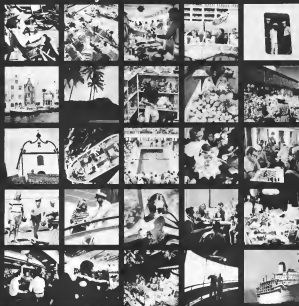
James L. Clare is an ethical and corporate tax consultant.

FILMS / JOHN HOWES

Canadian movies and their burden of despair

Dear Sir:
I am slow and out, have relief all means to get up on existence during this crisis, but I feel I am 22 and willing to risk — will you please help? I am powerless and desperate, have no one to appeal to.

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to Prime Minister R. B. Bennett between 1930-35, could fail to notice the astonishing difference to authority shown by the Canadian poor during the Depression. With only one or two exceptions, there are no expressions of anger or political resentment in the letters preserved among Bennett's papers. The writers describe states of destitution and despair more heart-rending (because they have an unmistakable ring of plain truth) than most "social-realist" novels and films. Yet virtually all acquiesce in being ground down by life, in being overcome by circumstances beyond their control.

The mental bias, suggesting Canadians have many moods but their most recurrent one is despair, still persists in many of our novels and films. Think of *Goat's Dawn*, *The Road*, *Wedding in Plain*, *Man O'War*, *Armistice*, *The Roadways*: good stories, fair acting, profoundly poignant moments, but overtake a character with the losses, hills, will or gall, to master life as it must be lived in the 20th century. Instead, we have a continuing stream of characters who cope, barely, and stoop, piteously.

Don Siebel's new film *Between Friends* is, I hope, his and our last well-to-do demolition tour. The last of our obsolete elegies. No one can deny the excellence of the film — the photography by Richard Leberstein, the original music by Mark McCauley, who is the very old, the performance of Michael Parks, Bonnie Bedelia, Chuck Shuman, Henry Beckman and Hugh Webster, are first-rate. Perhaps the strongest proof of the film's power, and Siebel's skills, is that no matter how much one may object (now, in 1978) to another depiction of Canadian life as dull, constricting routine, with only a little house and sex to lighten the burden and com-

pensate for the impossibility of any escape, one becomes moved and involved with the film's characters.

"For once in my life I'd like to meet a man who can see through me," God knows I'm not sceptical," Elle says in a melodious voice. Early twenties. Works at a supermarket cashier. She's alone, with Toby, her boyfriend's best friend. The others are conversing loudly downstairs. Life might remain simple if they didn't touch one another, but crossing a touch of melancholia, they make love. Toby's got a wife and kid in California. Cherie, who loves both of them, is getting drunk in the room below them.

It being money and ill-fated in relationships, naturally, had enough. Toby, Cherie and Elle's father Will (a recluse who just got out of jail again) have plans to rob the payroll of a northern Ontario mining company. It's their collective last stab at getting rich, the last dream any of them will ever have. The screenplay by Claude Jutra (who wrote *Monsieur*) is only fair to good; it has competence of craft but little underlying feeling. It is a Scotch and hot fire crew and can who make teaching and amusing poetry from the words and days of solitary Canadian. *Between Friends* is every bit as fine, and in some ways better, than *Goat's Dawn*. *The Road* anyone who doesn't think Kananaskis is the best Canadian film of the year, will no doubt say this one is. Both are so good there should be no quarrel.

If the life habits of people in *Between Friends* seem pathetic, in *U-Turn*, another new Canadian film, they are inspiring. *U-Turn* was filmed in Montreal, produced and directed by 40-year-old George Kaczender, from a script by David Boyle Kaczender's last feature, *Don't Let The Angels Fall*, in 1969, was well received at the Cannes Film Festival and had made (but short-lived) distribution here. *U-Turn* is a love story (personally, I would call it *Solo Showdown*) and far all I know it may be someone's true story but it doesn't ring true on the screen. The film is so chock full of plot and minor characters that it defies short descriptions, while not inspiring anything long. Several days before his expected marriage, Scott (early thirties, medium-length wavy hair and Pearl Drops teeth, portrayed by David Selby) recalls that three or four years ago he saw girl driving a yellow MG. She was dressed in a light-blue, crisp summer cottage dress and floppy Gerbe

hat and, caught in a certain light (cinematographer Milton Lease tries hard) she resembled Catherine Deneuve. Stuck in his memory is this soft-focus picture of her, on board a ferry sailing out of his life, the wind lifting her blond hair. And you, there's nothing wrong with his flimsy romance (portrayed by Guy Rovane, with playmate oomph) who teaches English and drives a humble Volkswagen. Scott, who drives a fire-red Datsun (I assume these references mean something in a film called *U-Turn*) decides to trace his elusive dream-girl and after several false leads finds her. Her name is Paula, she drives a Ford station wagon, she's an architect from Toronto, married, three children, husband currently deceased. After a passionate weekend, Paula (portrayed by Maud Adams, husky, musky and soft) gives him the slip ("You don't love me Scott, you love a dream...") and once again watches the ferry and sets out of his life (this time with flame and boyfriend accompaniment). *U-Turn* is by no means a film on the sills. It's a pleasant, featherweight romantic comedy. But I will not say to Mr. Kaczender, full speed ahead.

RECOMMENDED THIS MONTH

KANOURASKA: Thanksgiving is the delicate opening date for the English-subtitled version of Claude Jutra's splendid film.

OLUCKY MAN: Malcolm McDowell in Lindsay Anderson's badly needed satire about greed and gullibility. Tasty usage by Alan Price.

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY: A profoundly moving drama about grandfatherly abilities, ambition, friendship and death. One of the best American films of the year.

BOOKS / WALTER YOUNG

Bottling up the genie of charisma

It may be that Canada contributes the most perfect democracy, a state in which, more often than not, reason triumphs over passion, and the citizenry marches across the pages of history following leaders who most perfectly serve our self-interest and make the fewest demands for sacrifice or unreasonable effort. Lapses in this

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Bonnie Bedelia: "Why can we do anything?"

John Robins is a Canadian film director and critic.

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Can elections reach Robert Schiller?

pattern have occurred — even in recent years — like before — but times of crisis and trouble seem to have called forth from the ranks of our politicians men of intense charisma, men who could pass unrecognized within their own households. Sensibly rather than cynicism, however, to be the key to our politics. The blind circumlocutions of Michaelson King and the avuncular benevolence of Louis St. Laurent are shining examples.

Thi kindly explains the success of John Diefenbaker and Pierre Trudeau, or the failure of Robert Stanfield. It may be that, by virtue of the "communication revolution," we have entered the era of charismatic politics. Perhaps we now expect and want more from our leaders than the usual good, grey conservatism. Using Schiller's book, *Charisma: A Psychological Look at Mass Society* (University of Toronto Press, 144 pages, \$8.95), provides a useful analysis of leadership from a Freudian perspective although it is a bit like an example from Canadian politics.

One of Schiller's main arguments is that the masses are the kingmakers who elevate to charismatic status the man who "fits the cyclical need of the times." We always knew that a great leader was very much a product of the times — Churchill is a good example — but Schiller is arguing that the people evolve the charismatic image and then they project it onto a suitable object.

Schiller's catalogue of charismatic characteristics (try to say that three times quickly, Bob Stanfield) is intriguing. The first is the element of foreignness "something foreign yet familiar breeds charisma." Trudeau's popularity in Anglo-Saxon Canada is

1968 is a case in point. A second characteristic is the presence of some major imperfection as with Moule Doyane's eye patch. These two combined, claims Schiller, are unobtainable.

Robert Stanfield is never mentioned in Schiller's book, and that, I think, is Stanfield's problem. Geoffrey Stevens' biography *Stanfield* (McClelland and Stewart, 284 pages, \$10.00), studies a quizzical do — why doesn't everyone revere Stanfield the way I do? The answer is essentially that Stanfield has Adler's Stanfield's doesn't everyone about has thinks he's great, but they hardly constitute a majority of the electorate. He is a politician cast in the mold that seems so foreign to fit this country's politics. It is safe to say that Stanfield would have had a better respondent Lester Pearson. Indeed, as one learns from Denis Smith's huge biography of Walter Gordon, *Gordon Pearson* (Hart, 400 pages, \$10.00), Lester Pearson and Robert Stanfield had much in common.

Max Weber, father of the notions of charisma, wrote that the charismatic leader is a leader with great strength of conviction. The careers of Pearson and Stanfield offer little evidence of such strength. Pearson, for example, points out Stanfield's weaknesses — or inability — to discipline his cabinet in Nova Scotia, and his failure through inactivity to prevent the savage defeat of his close friend, Finlay MacDonald, during the Diefenbaker crisis, not to mention his almost comical misadventure over whether to stand for the national leadership.

Doris Smith, making admirable use of Walter Gordon's personal memoirs, attributes Pearson's inability to claim home after the 1962 election and his remarkable failure to come to Gordon's defense during the assault on Gordon's budget, although Pearson had personally approved the document. Neither Pearson nor Stanfield ever demonstrated that determination and strength of conviction associated with charismatic leadership.

The career of Walter Gordon in Canadian politics is an instructive one, although he was never, it appears, as significant for the prime minister's office. Very much in the Liberal tradition of a maverick seeking to move an others had before him from business into politics — or from the civil service into politics — he suffered from a certain mildness. He was never as engaged in politics as, say, Jack Pickens. He failed to recognize that getting office, for one

of his stature, was largely a matter of winning an election, but that keeping office and building power within that office was a matter of shrewd politics within the cabinet and within the senior ranks of his own department. He lacked the sensitivity to his environment that is one characteristic of a leader. He assumed that as minister he could simply do whatever he chose to do. As a result he failed to elicit the loyalty of the senior members of his own department and was, in the crunch, left without the support of his prime minister. And as one would expect, none of the old hands in the cabinet was about to ask to share the noose. Gordon was enthusiastically flouting about his back. He remains a distinguished political figure and clearly exerted more influence on Canadian affairs before he entered politics and after he left than he did while a minister of the crown.

Smith's biography of Gordon offers abundant evidence of the key role Gordon played in Pearson's political career subsequent to his becoming Liberal leader. Gordon was not only campaign field marshal but a key policy adviser. It was Gordon who convinced Pearson that the last five major addresses of the '62 campaign ought not to deal exclusively with external affairs. And it was Gordon, along with Keith Davey, who helped bring the party out of the doldrums of the Diefenbaker years.

As one reads Stevens on Stanfield and reflects on Schiller's study of charisma the conclusion is almost inescapable that Stanfield is seriously outclassed in the leadership stakes. Stevens tries to put flesh on his conclusion for Stanfield, but it won't stick. He mentions Stanfield's caustic tongue and cites as an example his denunciation of the Nova Scotia cabinet with the remark, "Now that's a lot of cowards," which has all the cutting edge of a rope burn.

Indeed, Robert Stanfield may be "brimming over with dry wit" and may be a man of great personal integrity and refreshing frankness; but is seeking a leader there are qualities that the masses do not value highly. If he considers them at all, like Walter Gordon, Stanfield lacks well-developed political antennae.

It is highly unlikely that our politics will again provide power for the blood and charisma, however competent or decent they may be. As a time when the apparatus is so highly developed for making, shaping and providing the stuff onto which the public projects the image of the leader they want, those who find it impossible to reach out will never reach up.

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ALBERTA PREMIUM

Walter D. Young is chairman of the department of political science at the University of Victoria.



The Smirnoff Daiquiri

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We were caught recently with an unexpected hankering for something different. Thumbed through a recipe book and decided on the daiquiri. The recipe called for a liquor we never use. So we improvised, and discovered the Smirnoff Daiquiri. While it's not completely original, it is a rather nice twist on an old standby.

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